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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in person is one of the rare occasions when the House of Lords gets the better of the Commons. Usually their Lordships are the Commons' victims, passing bills they do not love and losing bills they do love, always blocked by the Commons' slowness and often rushed for their convenience. But on Thursday the tables were effectually turned. The splendid dignity of the Gilded Chamber, as in awesome silence the King and Queen waited the entry of the Commons, was in brilliant contrast to the noisy, unmannerly invasion of the crowd from the Lower House, tumbling over each other in their anxiety to see the King on his throne. Unfortunately the debate did not at all rise to the occasion. The King's speech itself was necessarily somewhat null, for obviously army reform and South Africa must occupy the whole of the session apart from routine business. Lord Kimberley's unqualified pronouncement in favour of carrying the war right through to complete conquest was useful; it is a pity Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had not the courage to speak as plainly. Useful too were Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour's admissions as to an inquiry into the conduct of the war. It is now no longer possible for the Government to shelve this inquiry. There was nothing else in the speeches to note. But the poverty of the debate did not matter much after all, for, at any rate in the Lords, the ceremonial spectacle was the thing everyone was thinking of. That over, words had little in them of interest.

A blast of trumpets, beef-eaters, ermine, scarlet and gold lace, and then a King, with his Queen in a diamond crown, make a sensation so new to us of this day that there was nothing foolish in the remark so often overheard in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords on Thursday that "it was like English History." We fear some less learned said it was "like the pantomime." And really how many of us have any idea of such things except through reading or on the stage? It was no disrespect if it did not seem real but rather like Wonderland. The procession was not less effective, the King not less gracious nor the Queen less beautiful or charming, for that. It was indeed a ceremony none who saw would have missed for much. And it was not without its crowning touch of humour. Somehow the guard broke up first at the Gilded Chamber end of

the gallery with the result that the bulk of spectators, who wanted to leave the building as quickly as they could, went out the wrong way and soon found themselves in a galaxy of peeresses and gorgeous officials. The ever-growing stream to the grand staircase swelled into a mêlée of trodden trains, tiaras torn off, hair caught. But it was a very good-tempered crowd, and there were no black looks when all had suddenly to squash themselves flat against the wall at the loud but less dignified summons of a splendid courtier to "Make a lane for the Chancellor." A lane was made, and through a double row of glittering and smiling peeresses passed the Majesty of the Law.

In South Africa Botha and De Wet have once more been the centre of interest during the past week. The former attacked General Smith-Dorrien with 2,000 men at Bothwell on the 6th, and was repulsed once more after severe fighting. He was then forced to retire eastwards towards the Swaziland border with a force estimated at 7,000 men, and is being closely pursued by six columns. He has with him an enormous convoy, and General French has succeeded in capturing fifty waggons, as well as fifteen carts and forty-five prisoners. Subsequently a successful engagement was fought and the enemy driven on towards Piet Retief. Indeed our movement eastwards may be said to have upset Boer calculations, and to have created a veritable panic in the neighbourhood. De Wet, in the west of Cape Colony, appears to have with him a considerable following, and so far, though repulsed at Philipstown, has baffled the efforts of his pursuers. Hertzog and Kritzingen, who have been operating in Cape Colony, are officially reported to be retreating north, presumably to effect a junction with De Wet. The Philipstown repulse, however, may upset their calculations.

There is nothing in the negotiations with China to show that the Powers are a step nearer their object of exacting punishment than they have ever been. The most circumstantial account is of a certain dispatch to the Chinese plenipotentiaries, but not disclosed by them, stating that the Emperor has sent a choice of methods of suicide to all the officials named for punishment and asking if the envoys will be satisfied. In reply they say perhaps the envoys would, if the sentence were published throughout the Empire and the heads exhibited. Of Tung-fuh-siang it is said he is too powerful to be persuaded to commit "the rash act;" he is not under the control of the Court; he is master of the army and he might raise civil war. One report states the acceptance of the punishment terms was due to an assurance that the envoys could get some of

the Powers to commute the sentence. Another is to the effect that the Ministers having met to discuss the Chinese reply decided not to modify their demands. This appears to be about the only item which we may reasonably place some reliance on. Count von Waldersee and the French General are said to have had differences about a proposal of the latter to organise an expedition to Shan-si, of which the Count disapproves "during the peace negotiations." It seems premature therefore to announce from Shanghai that a large Chinese force is marching to the capital of Shan-si to oppose the expected advance of an International expedition that may come later.

Mr. J. H. Whitehead ought to have called his lecture at the Colonial Institute on "The Expansion of Trade with China" a Chinese Utopia. Why does not China's foreign trade produce a revenue, as it ought to do, of about £23,000,000? If only the Chinese Government would or could look at the matter as Mr. Whitehead does his Utopia no doubt would be realisable as much to the material advantage of the Chinese as of Europeans. Two rather formidable difficulties have to be removed if Great Britain is to get her due benefit when this time arrives. Masters and workmen must sink their differences at home; and Great Britain and Russia must arrive at a general understanding on the Far Eastern question. Our prestige must also be recovered at the Chinese Court and our Government must shake off its apathy. Mr. Whitehead believes the non-official classes desire a progressive Government, and that if the Powers guaranteed the Emperor's independence he could carry out a moderate reform policy with the support of the best and most influential classes. He has represented the British Banking Institution at Hong Kong for the last seventeen years and he speaks highly of the commercial integrity of the Chinese. It is unnecessary to raise the speculative question, as Mr. Whitehead does, whether this honesty has its origin in mere prudence or a conviction of right. To know in fact that a Chinese merchant's word is as good as his bond is quite sufficient for practical purposes.

This week brings news of a fresh and ominous move by Russia in the Persian Gulf. A subsidised line of steamers has been started under official patronage to run from Odessa to the ports on the Gulf in order to open up Russian trade with Southern Persia, to assail the practical monopoly which England has won in those waters, and to anticipate the German railway to Baghdad and Koweit. That is the avowed programme and the movement heralds something more than a mere trading venture. It is a step forward in the Russian policy, so often foreshadowed in these columns, to establish a naval station on the Gulf, and menace the sea route of England to her Eastern possessions. The representatives of Moscow firms who accompany the enterprise may be trusted not to limit their vision to mere commerce. We shall next hear of coaling stations and Russian cruisers to protect the protected commerce and then a fortified position at Bunder Abbas or elsewhere, when England's embarrassments give the necessary opportunity. The despatch of a small cargo of kerosine and sugar need not be accompanied by threats of the patriotic Russian press to paralyse England and Germany, unless there is a good deal more behind it.

Lord Curzon has decided that the districts of Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu, Dera Ismail Khan, and other trans-Indus portions of the Panjab shall be erected into a separate Frontier Province. This is a measure which has been advised by eminent Indian administrators during the last quarter of a century. The new province is to be placed under the direct government of an agent to the Governor-General of similar status with the Agent in Baluchistan with revenue and judicial commissioners, all the officers being under the supreme Government and immediately responsible to it. Experience has shown that the ordinary administration of the Panjab was not adapted for dealing with the special difficulties that arose with the frontier tribes, and that the Government in this direction should be more specialised than

it could be under the ordinary provincial administration. The Tirah Campaign of 1897-8 completed the cycle of the troublesome events which have forced this conviction home: and the new province is the necessary development of the policy begun by Lord Curzon of withdrawing the military advanced posts and concentrating them along the frontier. Within the next few months the scheme will be completed. There may be a danger in the new arrangement arising from the greater influence of the military element and from the zeal of ambitious soldiers.

The Philippine and Venezuelan troubles are not to be allowed to monopolise public attention in the United States. The Convention appointed to draw up a Constitution for the "Cuban Republic" has completed its labours. Not only is Cuba to be a Republic but it is to be a free and independent one with a President having the power of making war and peace and appointing diplomatic representatives to foreign Courts. This of course is quite impossible from the point of view of American policy. A Cuba dealing at will with foreign Powers is obviously less to be tolerated than a Cuba under the heel of Spain. The ludicrous part of the whole thing is that the "Teller resolution" passed by Congress in April 1898, declaring that Cuba must be handed over to the Cubans unconditionally, is still extant. It is not easy for the President to declare that the resolution was an act of blatant hypocrisy, but we are not surprised now to learn that it has proved dangerous, and that "he never approved of it." Of course he wishes to leave the whole matter to Congress who in turn are to leave it to his management. He would then try to "educate popular opinion" in the United States up to the idea that Cuba must be compelled fully to recognise her real relations to them. As such "compulsion" may imply a new rebellion and more bloodshed, we fear the present situation is as menacing for the liberation of Cuba as it is undoubtedly ridiculous in the eyes of the civilised world.

Since the end of last week and during the earlier part of this the King of Italy has been through the first ministerial crisis of his reign, and Signor Saracco's ministry, which came into office shortly before the assassination of the late King, has now been superseded by one under the presidency of Signor Zanardelli. It was never more than a makeshift, and the only difference between it and the one that takes its place is that while the former was composed of and supported by the more moderate groups in the Chamber, the latter on the whole has been formed out of the Radical and extreme groups with a slight infusion of the moderate element. The Premier is the leader of the Liberals, Signor Sacchi the Finance Minister is the leader of the Extreme Left, Signor Gioletti the Minister of the Interior with his party are a sort of Socialistic opportunists, Signor Prinetti, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is the leader of the Extreme Right. The defeat of the late ministry was owing to its action in dissolving the "Chamber of Labour" in Genoa, which led to a strike, and the ministry recalled its order. This vacillation displeased the Conservatives and gave Signor Gioletti's party its opportunity of leading against the ministry all the extreme groups. We are told that the policy of the new ministry is, amongst other things, to reform financial administration and diminish public expenditure, especially military expenditure, and of course "to improve the condition of the people." But for all great political purposes it is sterile and the only question is how long it will contrive to hold together. The more such combinations change on the Italian political stage the more they remain the same; and the King is still the puppet of the wire-pullers.

Discontent arising from a variety of causes commercial, financial, political, and ecclesiastical, has long been slumbering in Spain and it has at last taken the form of severe rioting and demonstrations against the Government and the Jesuits in Madrid and in Saragossa, Valencia and other provincial cities. Under many pretexts, one being the late pretended Carlist rising, another the action of the National Union—an association of the commercial and labouring classes for procuring

a reform of the finances and the general industrial conditions—constitutional guarantees have been suspended in an ever-widening circle, and now at Madrid the same course has been adopted owing to the disturbances and the attacks of the Opposition newspapers that have taken the riots and their origin for the text of their criticisms. The immediate cause of the disturbances is the engagement of the Princess of the Asturias, the eldest daughter of the Queen Regent, to Don Carlos de Bourbon who is a son of the Count of Caserta. The Count is an avowed Carlist, has been in arms against the present Royal Family, and is an exile liable to arrest if he should enter Spain. He is the Bourbon pretender to the Neapolitan throne and the marriage has the goodwill of the Vatican.

As the young King's health is very doubtful, there is a probability that the Princess of the Asturias and her issue may yet be the occupants of the throne; and the close connexion of her husband with Carlism and with the Church has aroused all the Republican and anti-clerical elements in protest against it. Yet the Pope in Spain as in France has exercised his authority to restrain the Legitimist leanings of the priesthood, and the Queen Regent's promotion of the marriage is prompted by the belief that she is taking the most effective course to defend the dynasty from the Republicans on the one hand, and to secure at least the neutrality of the Legitimists on the other. The wisdom of this step is not to be disputed lightly. If she had accepted as a husband for her daughter a member of the House of Savoy, as some of the Reformers wished her to do, she would not have secured the support of the Republicans, while she would have alienated the Church. Serious as the condition of affairs in Spain undoubtedly is, it does not look at present as if the outbreaks portended the immediate revolution that some people profess to expect.

Few even of the wisest precepts bear universal application, and that *de mortuis* would debar some of the defunct from any sort of recognition. The best we can say of King Milan of Serbia is that the rascal possessed a persuasive tongue. One day, when a mob was howling for his blood outside the Konak at Belgrade, he came out upon the balcony amid a pandemonium of groans, but before the lapse of many minutes all were listening to his language with rapt attention, and soon his peroration was the signal for wild applause. He was a bad king, a bad man, a bad father and an abominable husband, and we can only plead for him that an evil nature and a shameful education were accentuated by the blackest misfortune. To the innermost recesses of his soul—if indeed such a being could claim a soul—he was a gambler, and he staked his throne, his reputation and the regard of his friends as lightly as the hard-earned dinars extorted from a long-suffering peasantry. The demon of ill-fortune pursued him everywhere, as it has the habit of pursuing unskilful players. Yet never surely did any man receive greater indulgence or deserve it less. Defeated by the Turks, he was rewarded by his people with Kingship and by Europe with a province; exhibiting gross cowardice at Slivnitsa, he retained the devotion and confidence of his army: outraging his saintly Queen with physical cruelties and open insults, he found her ever ready to forgive; bought off again and again by an impoverished exchequer, he could always count upon the charity of the subjects he had betrayed.

His death leaves Serbia, almost alone among civilised States, without an heir to the throne. King Alexander is the last of the Obrenović and cannot point even to a distant cousin with the remotest claim to succeed. Yet even the chances of anarchy are preferable to the certainty of misrule under a restoration of the abdicator. And for the nonce, Serbia may heave a sigh of relief that she will be troubled no more by his unceasing intrigues. In private life, he would sooner or later have found his level, submerged among the hopeless unregenerates, whom mankind knows as black sheep and "bad hats," but the ointment of a king may never be washed away utterly and his zeal for mischief must have gone on increasing with his royal degradation. Few and evil

were the days of his life and now for the first time he has done a reluctant service to the land by his death.

If bribery and corruption did not "extensively" prevail at Maidstone on the election of Mr. John Barker, the Liberal candidate who now loses his seat in Parliament as the result of the election petition, it at all events prevailed. Mr. Barker and his agent have been exonerated from personally sharing in the almost undisguised passing of money from their subordinates to certain classes of the free and independent electors. The inquiry reveals as little of the finesse of electioneering dishonesty, for it was "gross as a mountain, palpable," as it does of election law. There were certain transactions in oats of Mr. Barker with a seller of horse foods in the town, which required a little more consideration. But the judges held that fair prices at moderate profits for a good article had been given; though it is not without danger for such orders to be given, if the candidate happens to direct the seller's attention too definitely to the political side of the transaction.

The course of decisions by which Trade Unions had succeeded in establishing that their funds were not to be answerable for wrongs committed by their officers, has been interrupted by Mr. Justice Mathew's decision in an action for libel brought by Mr. Linaker, an official of the London and North-Western Railway Company, against the Trustees of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, who were the registered proprietors of the "Railway Review" on behalf of the society. The Judge decided that the society must pay the £1,000 damages, the amount of the verdict against the trustees. The ground of the decision is that the newspaper was the property of the society, and that the trustees can sue and be sued in respect of such property, and are entitled in the usual way to be indemnified for what they had done in discharge of their duties as trustees. It might be said that it was not part of their duties as trustees to write libels, but in that case the liability of the Trade Union proprietors would be much less than that of the ordinary proprietors of a newspaper, and a slandered person would have no redress where the persons acting for the society were poor men as they mostly would be. The amount of the verdict has been paid into court pending the society's decision whether it shall appeal against the judgment.

Another matter shows Trade Unions in a better light. They have often been reproached with objecting to the apprenticeship system: and lately the reproach has been pointed by saying that thus they hindered the proper training of workmen. What they have always done, following the tradition of the old guilds, is to try to keep down superfluous apprentices with consequent poorly paid labour. Solicitors do the same in the interests, they say, of professional training, and now the secretaries of a number of trade societies in London have joined in a letter to the "Times" admitting the value of the system to the trades and to the working classes, if properly organised to meet present requirements. In many cases the want of money to pay premiums is the difficulty and the writers think provision should be made to enable children to be apprenticed on leaving school. It is of no use for the public money to be spent merely on technical schools; and the two methods ought to be worked together. These suggestions deserve the serious attention of the authorities responsible for technical education.

It was of happy omen that the King should take advantage of his very first address to the authority responsible for the good government of London to put the Housing Question in the forefront of present necessities. The King has informed himself on this matter and is able to appreciate its importance. But we do not infer, as we should be sorry to do, from his addressing these remarks to the County Council that he considers that body the only authority that need trouble itself with the problem of making up arrears in house-room for the metropolitan population. That is a task the Imperial Government alone is strong enough to carry through. We note that Mr. Charles

Booth, whose every utterance is entitled to respectful hearing, has laid down that transit facilities are a primary necessity in the housing problem, which in effect we take to mean *the* primary necessity. To this we cannot subscribe, for it rests on the humorous assumption that the bulk of the people of London are where they are only because they find a difficulty in being somewhere else.

The Convocation Bill brought to the notice of the two Archbishops by a very weighty deputation last Wednesday must contain in it the germ of real benefit to the Anglican Church, or the Church Association and the Liverpool Laymen's League would never be so strongly opposed to it. To us, we confess, it seems at present a very imperfect measure. It leaves the real question of further powers for the Church untouched and is not happy even in its proposals as to machinery. It is no scheme of Church government. It is not indeed claimed to be such; it is put forward only as a germ; and possibly it may contain in it a principle of growth, that may ultimately result in a Church spiritually autonomous but recognised by the State. Certainly the Church's present dependence on Parliament for all reform is intolerable; as also the reference of matters of doctrine to secular courts. But we are not yet convinced of the desirability of a democratic Church constitution. The prospect of democratic discussion and division on ecclesiastical differences is appalling. Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness would never leave us.

"Quarterly azure, and gules, four lions passant guardant counter-charged." Welsh people desire the Welsh arms added to the standard, and London Heralds say that if Wales has any arms, these are they. But are the heralds correct? The dragon of Britain figures in Gildas as well as in Tennyson and the dragon was the flag of the Dux Britanniae of Roman days. The house of Cunedda appear to have kept the dragon flag and the title of King of Britain for a time. After Cadwallon's death however they become merely princes and curiously adopt the lion as their emblem, while the dragon passes perhaps as part of the hegemony of the island to the Saxon Kings of Wessex. Hastings field made an end of the dragon as an English flag. The dragon however became the Welsh flag again when Owen Glendower "by the grace of God Prince of Wales" rose in revolt against Henry IV. and it was also under the Red Dragon that Henry VII. (who claimed to be heir of Arthur and Cadwallon) marched to Bosworth. That dragon flag was subsequently hung up at Westminster. There is therefore some historical justification for adding the red dragon to the English standard to represent Wales. It would however be interesting to know the exact device on the flag of the Britons borne before Charles I., when as Prince of Wales he kept court at Ludlow Castle.

The week on the Stock Exchange has been one of firmness all round, particularly in South African mines and American railways. Whatever prophets of evil may say in Parliament, those who deal in South African securities seem to have made up their mind that the war is rapidly drawing to an end. Accordingly Rand mines have been over 39 all the week, while Goldfields and East Rands have both touched 7½. There is no doubt that this market has gathered wonderful strength during its long period of repression, and will rebound with rapidity as soon as the pressure is withdrawn. London operators still persist in misunderstanding the American market. After Wednesday's holiday in New York there was a slight reaction, Atcheson Ordinary, for instance, falling from 59½ to 57½, but on Friday prices recovered their former level with a rapidity that defeated the tactics of the bears, and showed the inherent strength of the market. The leading Argentine railways have been showing large increases of traffic lately, which are likely to continue, and Central Argentine and Buenos Ayres and Pacific Ordinary stocks are pretty sure to go higher. In such markets as Home Rails, Australian and West African mines, there is simply no business doing. Consols closed at 97½.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

NO country in the world—we do not say it in a boasting spirit—could afford such a spectacle as the opening of his first Parliament by King Edward VII. We do not refer to the picturesque and old-world pageantry with which the function was performed, though that was not without its charm for the most cultured as well as for the gaping mob. In matters of mediæval pomp and trappings the Courts of Berlin and Vienna could probably rival, if not surpass, the glittering procession which swept into the House of Lords on Thursday. What made the ceremony unique is the fact that Great Britain is the only country in the world where for over two centuries a constitutional monarchy and parliamentary government have been practised with final, though not of course uninterrupted, success. "The triple bond" of king, lords, and commons has been what may be called a working agreement since the seventeenth century, and, without any of the revolutions that have from time to time convulsed the Continental nations, has made our Empire what it is. The royal, feudal, and popular parts of our Constitution were all represented on Thursday, and it is this combination which lent to the transaction its peculiar distinction. The natural curiosity attendant upon the first King's speech was stimulated by the fact that the usual Ministerial dinners, at which the Speech from the Throne is read, had not been held on the night before the opening of Parliament. Everybody was therefore in the dark as to what His Majesty would say, the omniscient press as much as anybody. No one expects paradoxes or sensational announcements in a Royal speech, and a good deal of it is perforce conventional and expected. There was a feeling allusion to the national grief and the late Queen's death, and there were the expected references to the "fruitless guerilla warfare maintained by Boer partisans," and to the negotiations in China. So many events have been crowded into the last six months that people have almost forgotten the horrible suspense of last July which was terminated by "the capture of Peking." We are glad to note in passing that there was no tinge of pessimism or alarm in reference to the Chinese Settlement, so that we may infer that the European Powers are still acting harmoniously for their common end. The Duke of Cornwall's visit to Australia and Canada was also given a prominent place in what may be called the formal part of the speech, though we by no means underrate the valuable political effect which the presence of the Heir Apparent in the Colonies is certain to have. The most important paragraph is that which is addressed exclusively to the "gentlemen of the House of Commons," and relates to the new Civil List and the cost of the war in South Africa.

His Majesty, following the example of his mother, places the hereditary revenues of the Crown unreservedly at the disposal of the House of Commons, and we are glad to receive the assurance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that, so far as the Liberal party is concerned, "the House will be ready to make ample provision for maintaining the dignity of the Crown." We have already pointed out, in last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, the reasons why the Civil List allowance ought considerably to be increased. They are, briefly, that the hereditary revenues surrendered by the Sovereign have risen to over £400,000 a year; that the expenditure of King Edward and Queen Alexandra must necessarily be much larger than that of Queen Victoria; and that it would be unbecoming to place the Court of Great Britain in an inferior position as regards money to the Courts of Berlin Vienna and Rome. England is a richer country at present than Germany Austria or Italy: and we may surely be forgiven for thinking that our own monarch is as important a Sovereign as the head of any of the three countries in question. We are afraid however that the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition does not speak for all his followers in this business, and it is evident from Mr. Labouchere's letter to the "Times" that the new Civil List will be made the subject of debate. While it is the right and even the duty of the House of Commons to discuss grants to the

Crown as seriously as votes of money for any other purpose, it is very necessary that such a discussion should be based on accurate information both as to the incomes of other crowned heads and the actual and potential value of the surrendered revenues. We therefore suggest that the Government should appoint a committee to inquire into the new Civil List.

The subject which naturally occupied the greater part of the speeches on the Address was the war in South Africa. In the House of Lords, where the debate was duller and less informative than any we can remember, Lord Salisbury admitted that Lord Kimberley's impatience at the prolongation of the campaign was "natural," but he truly described the criticism of the Government as "superficial." The Prime Minister was not very happy in his comparison of the Boer war to the War of Secession in the United States (it rather resembles the War of Independence), or to the Indian Mutiny. If our memory does not play us false, there were something like 2,000,000 men engaged in the American war, and both sides were equal in point of intelligence and civilisation; while the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula are to the Boers as hundreds of millions to thousands. There is in truth very little analogy between the present war in South Africa and any other war in history. It is unfortunate, from a party point of view, that the gloomy vaticinations of Lord Kimberley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have been delivered at the precise moment when, in the opinion of many not incompetent judges unconnected with the War Office, the war shows signs of an approaching collapse. These bitter complaints of slackness afford evidence of composition in the leisure of the recess which had not been brought up to date by their authors. For we cannot remember a period during the last fifteen months when the war was being prosecuted with greater vigour than it is at this moment by Lord Kitchener, though we are not concerned to deny that the mounted reinforcements ought to have been despatched from this country at an earlier date. We should also be glad to know from Mr. Brodrick whether the ugly stories about chaos and disorganisation in the Yeomanry quarters at Aldershot are true or not. On one point all parties seem to be agreed; that the war must be brought to a successful end as speedily as possible, and that neither money nor men must be spared. If some of our generals had recognised the elementary truth that a campaign cannot be concluded except by sacrifices of this kind, we should probably be now at peace. The differences between the two political parties are narrowed down to two questions: whether Lord Roberts missed his opportunity of making peace after the occupation of Pretoria: and whether self-government should be granted to the conquered States immediately after the cessation of hostilities. The first of these questions, though very important, is historically, rather than practically, interesting. Taking the story as given in the despatches—and we do not know on what authority Mr. Balfour gave a different version of the facts—we incline to the belief that an opportunity was missed, and that but for Lord Roberts' insistence on "unconditional surrender" Sir Redvers Buller might have secured the disbandment of General Botha's army, and ended the war. It is all very well for Mr. Balfour to say that unconditional surrender "applied not to the individual but to the institutions," and meant unconditional abandonment of the idea of independence and not surrender "sans phrase" of their persons. That is the refined gloss of a practised controversialist, and not the meaning of the words to a plain man. But, as we said, the argument is historical and may well be reserved. As to the settlement, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour declare that it would be "absolute insanity" to trust the conquered Boers with representative government immediately after the war, and sensible men will concede that an interval must elapse.

We must be forgiven if we refuse to take much interest in the vague allusions to domestic legislation in the King's speech. Such subjects as education, water supply, literary copyright, drunkenness, the court of appeal, the sale of land in Ireland, are all important, and

at another time we shall be prepared to discuss them. But, as Lord Kimberley said, this is going to be "a military session," and we doubt whether it would be possible to interest the public in any subjects but those of the army and finance. The Prime Minister has announced that there will be an inquiry into the conduct of the war as soon as it is over, a course which has always been advocated by the SATURDAY REVIEW. The committee of experts and business men, appointed by Mr. Brodrick to inquire into the organisation of the War Office, will no doubt present Parliament with a pregnant report. And we hope that during the debates on the efficiency and increase of our forces we shall get much useful information from those members of the House who have taken part in the campaign.

YEOMEN SETTLERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

THE circumstances which make the establishment of more English settlers in South Africa nothing less than a national duty have been already set out in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 2 February; and it was then seen that, the country population being almost exclusively Dutch, agricultural settlers are the kind of emigrants most required, since it is in the rural districts that it is most desirable to introduce English men and English ideas. To this must be added the further consideration that, as the labour basis in South Africa is native not European, these agricultural immigrants must be persons who are possessed of the capital and intelligence necessary to enable them to develop their holdings and utilise the already existing supplies of coloured labour. If English emigrants are to be sent out on this errand, they must not be drawn from the ranks of the agricultural labourers, but they must be selected from among the sons of the landed gentry and the farmers. Agricultural labourers would not be able to take up small farms unless they possessed a certain amount of capital, and even then they would be unable to gain a livelihood unless they were endowed with intelligence and resolution quite beyond the average; for they would have to acquire a knowledge of Dutch and Kaffir, and be able to control the natives. As a general rule, therefore, emigrants of this class would only be useful as overseers and foremen on large farms. The men who are to go out to farm and raise stock, to grow fruit and subtropical produce, must be men who already possess some experience of such industries, or who, failing this experience, are prepared to spend the time and money necessary to acquire it. In short the settlers who are wanted are men who can command a little capital—say from £500 upwards—and are otherwise qualified by their training and associations for this particular phase of colonial life.

Assuming that South Africa is a country which offers reasonable scope for the success of such immigrants, what land is available, and what are the parts which should be played by the local and Imperial authorities respectively in assisting the intending immigrants to settle upon their holdings? The part of the various Colonial Governments should consist in setting on foot the works for water storage and irrigation, the light railways, and the other undertakings necessary to make waste areas into tillage. That of the Imperial Government should consist in guaranteeing the loans raised by the several Colonial Governments for these purposes, and in providing the greater part of the capital required in the development of their holdings by the individual settlers, who should be called upon, however, to provide funds for the purchase of their lands and for the ordinary expenses of emigration.

Under the head of development would be included the erection of buildings, the labour necessary to bring the land into cultivation, the provision of appropriate live stock, and the working capital required for wages and repairs. The sum advanced for these purposes should be secured upon the land, buildings, stock, &c., and the settler should be required to pay a minimum rate of interest on the capital advanced, together with yearly instalments of the capital sum itself, which would thus be repaid in (say) twenty years. It would further be

the duty of the Imperial Government to see that the applicants who were selected, and, therefore, entitled to benefit by the proposed advance of capital, should be only such persons as could show *prima facie* evidence of possessing the moral and physical qualifications necessary for their success.

Briefly, the essential elements of the scheme would be these. (1) The preparation of suitable areas for settlers by irrigation works and light railways undertaken by the Colonial Governments; (2) the appropriation of say £3,000,000 by the British Parliament for the settlement of English immigrants in South Africa; and (3) the appointment of a Board or Commission, charged with the duty of selecting suitable applicants and making general arrangements.

The earliest duty of such a Board would be to ascertain through its agents what land is available for immigration, in the several colonies, and on what terms the various areas could be acquired. Both in the Cape Colony and in Natal there are Crown lands, which being hitherto unappropriated doubtless could be placed at the disposal of the Board by arrangement with the Colonial Governments. But in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies the whole of the land with the exception of the areas reserved to the natives has already passed into private ownership. In the case of these new colonies, therefore, and in the case of the older districts of the Cape Colony it would be necessary to treat with private owners, who would be mainly Dutch. There is however no reason for supposing that these Dutch owners would be unwilling to sell, if the prices offered were sufficiently high to tempt them; and, if necessary, the special powers which are given to purchasers where land is acquired for public purposes could be conferred on the agents of the Board by the local governments concerned. Some idea of the value of these land areas, both public and private, may be formed from the record of sales effected before the war. In the Cape Colony 2,000,000 acres of Crown land, the bulk of which was situated in the divisions of Kenhardt, Calvinia, Sutherland, and Ceres, was sold at auction in 1892 for a total sum of £128,025, or roughly at an average of 15. 3d. per acre. This price, it should be noted, was a considerable advance upon the realisation of sales held in 1890 and 1891. Private lands, that is to say lands on which a greater or less amount of capital had been expended in improvements, sold at from 30s. to 40s. an acre for first-class farms with buildings, at 15s. to 7s. 6d. per acre in the midland districts, and at a price as low as 2s. to 1s. per acre in the northern districts. At the same time the Cape Government offers small holdings not exceeding 500 acres in extent on quit-rent tenure (practically equal to freehold) in return for annual payments fixed at one-twentieth of the estimated value of the land. In this latter case, however, the settler is required to live on his holding and to bring it gradually into cultivation upon pain of forfeiture. In Natal the Crown land which remains unsold is comparatively limited in extent, and a reserve price of not less than 20s. per acre is placed upon the lots offered for auction; while in the case of small holdings, where residence and improvements are required, the reserve price is fixed at 10s. per acre. In 1894 102,000 acres of small holdings in the Newcastle and Dundee divisions were sold at an average of 12s. 9d. per acre. In the Transvaal waste lands belonging to the Boer farmers were valued at a ¼d. to 1d. per acre before the advent of the Uitlanders; but since the era of mineral development the price has been raised by British purchases to an average of 5s., and in the case of desirable lots to 10s. and 20s. for raw agricultural land. In Bechuanaland, lately incorporated into the Cape Colony, there are ample areas of uninhabited land which is nevertheless capable of being rendered highly productive; and these areas would probably be disposed of by the Cape Government for merely nominal sums to suitable immigrants. These figures are sufficient to show that the proposal which we have outlined is one which might reasonably be expected to benefit all the parties concerned, apart from the immediate political object achieved by it. The various Colonial Governments would receive an ample return for their outlay in the shape of in-

creased revenues, the Imperial Government should recover the capital sum and interest *less* the cost of administering the fund—a cost which would be a cheap insurance against further trouble in South Africa. The individual settler may look forward to securing a livelihood in the present and a property in the future. And the value of this property will increase with the development of South Africa.

THE COOPERS HILL DISMISSALS.

IT was generally understood that the Coopers Hill deputation was invited by the Secretary of State with the idea that it would clear the air. Lord George Hamilton's answer is rather calculated to charge it. By letting the public have the half truth, he has stirred suspicions which will have to be allayed, he has suggested charges which must be proved, or disproved. Everyone who hitherto has felt that, whatever the merits might be, this is essentially a matter for the Department to deal with and not for the public, will now become keenly curious to know the whole truth. It is extraordinary that a minister of Lord George Hamilton's official experience could be so maladroit. Lord George's experience of office, if not of power, has been long and variegated. His political training has run in that groove all through. Lord George has ruled the Queen's navy; he has been chairman of the School Board; and for six years India has lain under his sway. And he has not yet learnt the elementary maxim of human government; either take your critic completely into your confidence or keep him entirely out of it; nor yet this, never give reasons for a decision. We confess we should have thought the latter would rather appeal to Lord George. He was perfectly entitled to take his stand on the letter of the contract between the India Office and the dismissed teachers and refuse point blank to discuss the question either with them or with the public. That might have been arbitrary but it would have been legitimate. "I exercised my discretion" is a fair and conclusive answer to critics of an official in whom discretion is admittedly vested; but it is not fair to hint at reasons for that discretion, which may imply a great deal more or a great deal less than the words used actually carry.

Lord George Hamilton has completely shaken confidence in the Coopers Hill College, one of the few State-controlled educational institutions in this country which has generally been supposed to be good. He has at the same time completely destroyed confidence in himself; for, as Lord Kelvin reminded him, he had given an emphatic testimonial to the excellence of the college only last year. Now he comes to us and tells us that the college has always been a financial failure, a dead weight of expense; that the teaching has been a failure, otherwise the dismissals would *ipso facto* be unjustifiable; that the discipline and order have been defective. The public puts these strictures against Lord George's former commendations, as also against the almost uniformly favourable account of Coopers Hill men, given by Indian administrators who have seen them at work. It is one of the things that most strike an inquirer that, whereas without any exception everyone in a position to know condemns Sandhurst, everyone has had a good word to say for Coopers Hill. Putting these different accounts together, how can the public know where it is? The college may have been a failure, but the public will at any rate insist that, if it has hitherto been the victim of an optimistic illusion, it will now know the whole truth. Neither Lord George Hamilton nor the entire Government can stop it, except by making resistance to an Inquiry an issue of resignation, whereby the Government might gain its point but would lose its own soul, and possibly something more substantial with it.

We do not say that there can be no case for these dismissals, but the case as a whole has not yet been proved; and where, in our opinion, it has been proved, it is a stronger case against the Department than against the teachers. We agree that it is absurd to retain as a lecturer a man over seventy years of age, and yet only last year when the accountant dismissed was over

seventy-four years old, Lord George could testify to the excellent condition of the College! Had the proper authorities even attempted to do their duty in the past, none of this unpleasant business could have arisen. A resigning age with pension would have been fixed; nor would they have retained a professor of chemistry as well as his assistant, if only the assistant was necessary, nor have burdened the college with a superfluous electrical professor, if a demonstrator was all that was wanted. As to whether these sundry professors were needed or not and whether they taught well or badly, we shall express no opinion; we prefer to wait for the facts the Inquiry will bring out. But if Lord Kelvin is right in saying that it is proposed in future to retain in the curriculum electrical engineering but to withdraw the teaching of the science applied, then at least in one instance the India Office has put itself educationally and intellectually simply beneath contempt.

Even if the merits as between the Department and the teachers are on the side of the Department, the matter does not end there; a fact which neither the Secretary of State nor the Under Secretary nor any of their colleagues seem to realise. Lord George, indeed, seems unable to conceive that there can be anything for which a nice sum in cash down cannot make amends. He parades the compensation figures at which these gentlemen are respectively assessed as though they must necessarily be a final answer to a grievance which goes more to reputation than to pocket. The India Office needs to be informed that the secret of educational reform lies in the calibre of the teachers and in nothing else; that no superior man will enter the teaching profession, if he thinks he is liable to ejection which, being legal, leaves him without redress, and, being summary, by insinuation leaves him without character. The effect of these dismissals of really distinguished scientists will be felt right through the whole educational movement. So much so that had they been statesmen who had come to the conclusion that the interests of Coopers Hill required the absence of these professors and lecturers, they would have contrived to get them away without annoyance to the professors themselves and without the knowledge of the teaching profession or the public. It might have been a delicate task, but it would not have been beyond the wit of men of ordinary capacity.

There is now but one thing to be done: grant a full Inquiry; it may prove the Government case, when Lord George Hamilton and Lord Hardwicke should be mightily pleased; it may prove the professors' case, when justice will be done. One mistake we do hope the Government will avoid; that is, struggling against this concession until it can no longer be granted with any kind of grace. If political maxims are wasted on the Minister for India, there may be other members of the Cabinet able to appreciate the force of this moral:—"Fling wide the gate to that which else will enter at the breach."

THE PRIVY COUNCIL QUESTION.

THE Liverpool Bill was seen to be either futile or mischievous because it implied the claim of the State to impose its will on the Church even in regard to religious teaching and liturgical practice, and because the avowed object of passing it is to deprive hundreds and thousands of incumbents of their benefices. In short it attempts an impossible task in an improper way. But it does not follow that there is nothing to be done by improving the law of Church discipline. And two main principles must be borne in mind.

First the Church and not the State must determine what is the authoritative interpretation of the Church's formularies both in respect of theological doctrine and of liturgical practice. The ecclesiastical Courts must therefore be reformed of course and necessarily with the consent of Parliament; but on a plan approved by the Convocations. Secondly, the main use of ecclesiastical Courts in matters of ritual and doctrine can never be coercive. Deprivation may effectually rid the Church of a few recalcitrant clergy; but it is no use against a strong body of opinion. It is a serviceable remedy against individuals

not against a party. But Courts which really had a right to speak in the name of the Church would exercise a great influence, quite independent of any penalties. The wide acceptance of the Lambeth opinions and the obedience which has been rendered to episcopal injunctions show how much can be done by moral authority unsupported by any fear of punishment. Some have disobeyed; but though they attract more notice they are, it would seem, much less numerous than those who have obeyed against their own inclination. A properly constituted ecclesiastical Court might have had a still greater success. And certainly the Privy Council vested with no matter how much coercive power would have had a much smaller one. Before all things we must bring ourselves to understand that in regard to matters about which good men differ the main use of ecclesiastical Courts is as courts of arbitration. Their coercive jurisdiction can only be helpful in rare and peculiar cases.

Thus both theoretical and practical considerations point to abolishing the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Privy Council, and substituting some Court constituted with the full consent and approval of the Church and enjoying the confidence of Churchmen. But it is a most difficult matter to persuade the ordinary citizen that such a step is indispensable if discipline in the Church of England is to be strengthened. He generally holds to certain maxims with a firmness altogether divorced from intelligent comprehension. "Lawyers are more fair and impartial not like ecclesiastics" he thinks; although in fact no one is impartial about religious matters. "Lawyers are the proper people to interpret documents" he goes on; forgetting that, if so, lawyers alone should formulate creeds or even preach expository sermons, for all theology depends on interpretation. But so far, it would not be impossible to meet the ordinary citizen's objections at least to some extent; for lawyers might well be used in Courts sitting under the authority of the Church. But the ordinary citizen has another maxim which is much more seriously erroneous. "It is quite right" he says "for the Church to make her own laws with the concurrence of the State; but when it comes to interpreting them it should be left to the King's judges." This is the vital mistake. The ordinary citizen cannot be brought to believe that to interpret a doubtful law is to change it. Eminent jurists have long ago pointed out that this is so. Justinian or his advisers poured scorn on those who disputed it. And it may be found very clearly stated in Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law" and in Lord Macaulay's "Notes on the Indian Penal Code." But the ordinary citizen ignores the testimony of eminent jurists. It seems more strange that he should disregard the familiar phrase "judge-made" law, the plain fact that a vast part of the law of the country has been built up by judicial decisions and most of all the history of his beloved and honoured British Constitution. The British Constitution has grown, as it is poetically said, "broadening down from precedent to precedent." Its whole character has been changed, and the vast gap that separates the power of Henry VIII. from that of Edward VII. has been spanned only to a very slight extent by express or formal transfers of authority from the Crown. The Constitution has not been altered by enactment, it has been interpreted. And custom has completed what interpretation has begun. The all-important first steps of the development were wrought by those who honestly believed they were only declaring the old Constitution. And the Constitution that has so developed narrowly escaped in the seventeenth century being transformed in an opposite direction by the interpretative powers of the Courts of law. The numerous decisions in favour of the Crown given under the Stuart dynasty would probably have made the monarchy absolute had not James II. by his adherence to the Roman Catholic faith and his attacks on the Church of England produced the Revolution. The constitutional history of the country alone more than proves how important are the changes which may be worked by process of interpretation.

It is perhaps not beyond hope that argument may at last convince the ordinary citizen that if he thinks the Church ought to be consulted about any change in

her laws he cannot justify the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Privy Council. But his ingrained distrust of ecclesiastics will probably always prevent his consenting to put matters of property, such as are involved in the deprivation of a clergyman, beyond the control of the secular Courts. A compromise might be found in allowing the Church Courts to give what judgment they pleased in ecclesiastical suits; but if they proceeded to pass a sentence involving temporal loss providing for an appeal to the High Court of Justice. This would place the Church of England in the same position as any non-established religious body in the Empire.

The last sentence brings to mind a final objection which the ordinary citizen makes to the reform here indicated. "You want," he says, "to keep the Church established and at the same time to give it the advantages of a 'free' Church." Why not? The object we all have is to do good to the Church. Why should not we combine for her benefit the advantages of all systems? But the implied suggestion that no established Church has its own Courts with a free jurisdiction is false. Not to mention foreign Churches, the established Church of Scotland has an even greater measure of free authority than is here suggested. For from her Courts, whether from judgment or sentence, there is no appeal to any State tribunal. The State in Scotland is content to be the zealous and obedient servant of the Church Courts. Singular, surely it is, that as he crosses the Tweed the ordinary citizen's enthusiasm for a "trained lawyer" mysteriously disappears. In North Britain he is content to trust the supreme decision of ecclesiastical suits to an assembly consisting partly of ministers of religion partly of "elders"—ordained persons, that is to say, who have no exact parallels in England but who most resemble the "ecclesiastically-minded laymen" of the South. What would be said of such a tribunal if it sat in London?

The force of argument is strongly in favour of erecting free Church Courts in England; but it is not to argument by itself that it is wise to look to overcome the prejudices which are arrayed against such a reform. More is to be hoped from experience. There is in truth no workable alternative. It is the plain truth that the Privy Council cannot effectually exercise its jurisdiction. The party opposed to it are too strong and would certainly triumph in a conflict. The danger is that in the fight ill-feeling would be developed which might end in breaking up the Church.

HUGH CECIL.

AMNESTY, ALCOHOL, AND ASSOCIATIONS.

EVEN in our superannuation we expect to remember that amazing day in June 1899 when, after many an effort, M. Waldeck-Rousseau managed to "rally round" him—almost like Mr. Veneering—the colleagues who were to form the government of "la Défense Républicaine." For quite a week he had been in quest of mutual friends. Secretaries like Boots and Brewer must have dashed about in cabs to see "how things looked." Perhaps a Podsnap or a Tremlow or a Lady Tippins helped; certain is it that the cry was: "We must work." Still, it was not a question of capturing an obscure and undisputed corner like Pocket-Breeches; the mere mention of a nobleman—a foreign edition of Tremlow's chief, Lord Snigsworth of Snigsworth Park—so far from winning the contest, would have proved disastrous at such a revolutionary moment. Nationalism, already represented by several bodies, threatened Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. It had become a matter of "saving" the Republic by the suppression of conspiracies, the immediate introduction of reform and order. And so M. Waldeck-Rousseau hastened backwards and forwards: seeking colleagues, pleading and persuading, calling up M. Loubet on the Elysée telephone at all hours of the day and night. And consequently the Nationalists, watching his dilemma, gleefully predicted that he would fail, and that M. Loubet, like President Grévy, would be compelled to resign through want of ministers. And still the "crise" continued; and all the time the cry was:

"We must work." And again the Nationalists rejoiced; and yet, in the end, the Republic became possessed of a respectful if peculiar ministry. Away went M. Dupuy: in came M. Waldeck-Rousseau with such oddly assorted companions as M. Millerand and General Galliffet. And Paris laughed. And Paris worked forward to another "crise," always "to take place on next interpellation day." And Paris laid wagers, invariably against the Cabinet's stability. And, in the Palais Bourbon, the Nationalists pounded on their desks, shook their fists, insulted their opponents like vulgar schoolboys, saying, "Coward. Liar. Traitor. Yah. Booh" . . . but M. Waldeck-Rousseau, stimulated by a vote of confidence, "rallied round" by a majority of twenty-six, only repeated Veneering's stirring cry: "We must work." Gradually, as the majority increased, severe measures were employed to depose the most redoubtable enemies of the Republic. The new "Patriotism" was checked. Skilful manœuvring accomplished the fall of Fort Chabrol, and thus cast ridicule on Antisemitism. The condemnation at Rennes, followed by the pardon, so satisfied Parisians that they said unanimously, "N'en parlons plus." But the Premier, instead of idling after all this agitation, contemplated new reforms, continued his campaign: "Excelsior" had become his battle-cry, his motto. Even in the midst of his Exhibition duties, he brooded, planned. Speeches—dozens of them—did not prostrate him. Dinners did not disturb his digestion. Toasts brought him no headache in the morning. Fresh and determined, in spite of the revelries, he mastered the two new bills that were to startle the Palais Bourbon in November. Skilfully, he explained them; proudly he announced their passing to M. Loubet—"La Loi sur les Boissons," and that amical, forgiving measure, "L'Amnistie;" then returning to the theme of his famous speech at Toulouse, M. Waldeck-Rousseau presented the Chamber with the most audacious, the most sensational of all his reforms, "La Loi sur les Associations."

To-day Paris still jokes and gesticulates over all this important legislation; and we, holding our usual inquest, our "enquête," encounter old acquaintances eloquent and agitated. Perhaps the full significance of the measures did not dawn upon them in the beginning: they were bewildered, befogged a little while ago. But now that the Press has explained obscurities, the Parisian—more or less enlightened—is fascinated by the Amnesty, Alcohol, and Associations: and so it sometimes happens that when a passer-by jogs your elbow or jerks your hat with his umbrella over your eye, he, in his apologies, will ask you to deem the offence white-washed, himself excused, by virtue of the Amnesty; and that when a priest appears, or a monk, or a bearded missionary, the Parisian will watch all three with a new interest and wonder curiously how they are feeling. "Monsieur l'Abbé est triste," observes a boulevardier. "Monsieur l'Abbé ne dira jamais de messes pour Waldeck-Rousseau," declares another. "Monsieur l'Abbé se trouve dans l'embarras," replies a friend. But "Monsieur l'Abbé" (visibly) is neither sad nor embarrassed; imperturbably he passes on, smiling—leaving his critics to dilute their absinthe with water. And they pour slowly, reflectively—for absinthe, burdened by a new duty, is ten centimes dearer per draught than before. And they glance at their saucers, which marks fifty centimes instead of forty; and as they pour and as they glance, they wonder how the difference will affect the life of Paris. "Only Montmartre will suffer," says one. "I must contradict you," replies his friend, "but demand pardon through the Amnesty." And, pardoned immediately, he explains that barbers also will suffer . . . how? . . . because each barber's "friction," or dry shampoo, contains alcohol. All coiffeurs complain, therefore; and their clients also. "Frictions" will soon become a luxury, a monthly instead of a weekly pleasure. One will reflect before enjoying a "friction." One will look forward to it as a rare, an extravagant indulgence. One may even be obliged, if times are bad, to wash one's hair at home over a basin, with vulgar soap and water. "Pardon," interrupts a third. "You benefit also by the Amnesty," replies the friend. And so the third boulevardier explains that since the greater par-

of the duty on wine and beer has been removed, coiffeurs will make essences out of those two fluids; and that new "frictions" will thus be introduced, and that they will be as cheap as the old ones and far more pure. "Garçon," cries a consommateur, "another absinthe." "Bien," replies the waiter. "You will grow rich on all these extra ten centimes," continues the consommateur laughing. "Yes," answers the waiter, "and then M. Waldeck-Rousseau will make a law on cafés and accuse them of concealing as many millions as the Associations." . . . Across the bridges, on the Rive Gauche, the same topic interests the students of the Latin Quarter. Since they prefer beer to absinthe the new duty does not trouble them; they are only affected (and happily) by the reduction. In fact, they exaggerate it: one would think that bock had become so common, so worthless as to be literally given away. "Bock," cries Paul, "has taken the place of the wine that once flowed gratuitously from fountains, and is just as plentiful. All may sip it; no one need be thirsty. And it is to Waldeck that we owe this generosity; and since no priest, no monk, no missionary will bless him or pray for him, it is for us to accomplish those duties, for us to —." "Très bien, très bien," interrupts a voice; and Paul, turning, recognises Verlaine's brother, Voltaire's double—Bibi la Purée. "Gratitude, O Bibi, is sublime," says Paul, "and you indeed have reason to revere Waldeck-Rousseau: for you, before all others, have benefited by the Amnesty." And Bibi bows. And Bibi agrees. And Bibi assumes a Napoleonic attitude, his haughtiest expression. And then each son, each daughter of Mürger understands that, through the Amnesty, all Bibi's sins against umbrellas have been blotted out, and that all umbrellas (obtained however criminally) before the establishment of the Amnesty are his own: and that he stands spotless and impeccable now, and that no one in this world may reproach him with his past.

Confused, we approach Montmartre; and, during our progress up the Hectic Hill, dread the coming references to Associations, Alcohol, and Amnesty. We have begun to hate all three. We are haunted by them. They dog our footsteps, one after the other: each passer-by mentions one of them. And we hasten: and so are jostled or jostle someone: and so hear either "Pardon—Amnistie" or (odious insult) "They (us) will soon leave off taking too much alcohol," and we pass a priest: and find ourselves staring curiously at him like others. And so we reach the summit still pursued by: Amnesty, Alcohol, Associations. In cabarets satirical singers congratulate criminals, chaff drunkards, pity priests. Fursy—"chansonnier rosse"—is singing about "Waldeck" in the old "Chat Noir;" Jean de la Bataille (!), in the "Ane Rouge," analyses the emotions of the Jesuits; in Heaven, Death, and Hell appropriate references are made by the angels, undertakers, and devils. And we hurry to and fro, always pursued; and come upon pale, shattered men in silent cabarets sipping their absinthe thirstily: and hear from the waiter that their indulgence in that dangerous draught must cease, "because two sous are valuable" on the Hectic Hill. "Think," says the waiter, "they take ten absintnes a day. They will not be able to afford the extra franc." But the saucers tell another tale: they stand as high as ever; and the faces of the men get paler and paler, and their eyes begin to shine with an almost lurid light—and the drinking goes on and on, bringing "énervement," turning tempers, provoking quarrels. Time passes; and, although the day has not yet broken, the lamps in the streets are put out. On the Place Pigalle a drunken woman, flashily dressed, is arrested for "disorderly conduct." She protests: and is taken by the arm. She struggles: and is carried off by force—screaming "Amnistie." Cabmen, watching the spectacle, laugh; and idle policemen answer with a grin. "Alcohol," shouts a Montmartrois. "Pas d'Amnistie," replies another. "Mais voici les Associations," cries a third. And we, turning round, encounter a priest who, accompanied by an anxious woman, has evidently been summoned by her to assist consolingly at some sad, some tragic death.

THE SENTIMENT OF CLEANLINESS.

CLEANLINESS is one of the moral duties as to which, in this country at all events, the upper classes of society are most nearly unanimous; and a recognition of it is rapidly spreading itself through other classes also. Public baths are becoming every year more popular; the humblest of suburban villas invariably now has its bath-room; and the City clerk to-day regards as necessities means of cleaning his body from head to foot, which Lord Chesterfield or even Louis XIV. would have regarded as meaningless superfluities. This movement in favour of cleanliness is not confined to England. No man of middle age, who has known the Continent since his childhood, can fail to perceive its influence in every European country. Every Continental hotel and château bears witness to it; and its progress is equally evident in the houses of Continental monarchs; as those are aware who have been familiar with the Winter Palace at S. Petersburg. It is, however, in England that the movement has had its origin. In England we ourselves can most easily trace its course; and in England it has reached its fullest—some will say its most exaggerated—development. Any English house which is three generations old, the furniture of which has not been completely modernised, will present us with visible records of the condition of things from which the movement in question has now carried us so far. In any such house, whatever else may be antique, the entire system of sanitation at all events will be quite new. Traditions will survive of the days when a morning tub was an innovation; and the foot-pans, with their large jugs, which still glimmer under the washing-stands, will remind us of the period, chronologically not remote, when it was thought sufficient to clean the human extremities, and ablution of the entire person was regarded as a superfluous rite, or was, in practice, a rare one.

What then is the meaning of this movement which has, in so short a time, so greatly changed our entire habits and sentiments with regard to one of the most intimate and familiar forms of conduct? There is a partial answer to the question, which is at once obvious and simple. The movement has been caused, or at least accelerated, by the development of medical and sanitary science, and it has, on scientific grounds, been largely justified by its results. All kinds of diseases, whose origin was formerly misunderstood, have been traced to contaminated air, or deficient personal cleanliness; and though modern science, in protecting us against the dangers thus arising, sometimes re-introduces them in a new and more insidious form, they are on the whole being greatly and increasingly minimised. But this utilitarian explanation of the phenomenon is a partial explanation only. It throws no light on that sentimental attachment to cleanliness which is distinct from its approval and practice based on utilitarian grounds.

The sentiment of cleanliness has existed at all times, though in some ages and in some races it has been strongly developed, while in others it is to be traced only in almost imperceptible rudiments. It existed in England in days when the necessary tub was unknown, and when the germ had not yet been dreamed of. It has been developed since those days, but it has certainly not been created. It, no doubt, has always—as it was amongst the Jews—been consciously or unconsciously associated, with some general sanitary experience; but it has constantly exhibited a natural tendency to become fastidious, fanciful, and passionate to a degree which is not explicable by any utilitarian wisdom, whether consciously acquired or unconsciously inherited. The Jewish Rabbis, for example, would never, in this connexion, have deduced from the Mosaic Law their grotesquely interesting interpretations of it, if they had not been prompted and guided by some curious human instinct, with whose origin the Law had nothing to do. One Rabbinical party, as a recent writer has reminded us, maintained that a cup must be washed before it was filled with wine, because otherwise the cup and the wine would be rendered unclean by the perspiration of the fingers, which would remain clinging to the cup. Another party main-

tained that this view was erroneous, and endeavoured to demonstrate that the real danger to be obviated was the contamination of the fingers by the cup. They accordingly taught that the proper time for washing the hands was not before the filling of the cup, but after it. One school taught that after the hands were wiped, the towel should be placed on the table, and not on a cushion, lest the perspiration of the hands should contaminate the cushion, and the cushion in turn contaminate whatever touched it. Another school taught that equally terrible consequences might arise from using the table as a rest for the dirty towel; because the impure towel might be made yet more impure by the table, which would thus infect the perspiration which the unfortunate towel had imbibed, and render legally impure any hands that might touch it subsequently. Another matter of dispute between these two schools was whether a servant who was sweeping a house with a broom would contaminate the broom with his hands, or have his hands contaminated by the broom; and whether, consequently, in the interests of legal purity, he ought to wash his hands before touching the handle, or afterwards.

The modern Englishman may congratulate himself on being free from these pious scruples; but it is not to be denied that he has in his nature the instinct which alone could have given these scruples any possible meaning; and this is a horror of what he regards as dirt, for its own sake, quite apart from either its unhealthiness or its unsightliness. He detests it, no doubt, on these latter grounds as well. A dirty street, or an obviously dirty man, rouses in him ideas of all kinds of infection; and dirt on his coat, or dust on his varnished boots, offends his sense of what is due to his own appearance, as a coat does that is torn, or boots that are down at heel. But besides these simple feelings there is another that goes far deeper—a feeling expressed in his indignant shudder of revulsion at the thought of drinking out of an unwashed wine-glass, or eating with an unwashed fork, which has been used by another person; or at the mark of a footman's thumb on the rim of a silver plate. This feeling manifests itself in a variety of other ways, too numerous to mention, too familiar to require mentioning; but in all such cases its nature is essentially the same, and there is an essential sameness also in the nature of the things exciting it. The origin of the feeling is dislike to physical contact with others. Some people excite this feeling in us more keenly; some excite it less keenly. Everybody must number amongst his acquaintances some individuals with whom he feels it is a pollution even to shake hands, though he may possibly entertain no other form of dislike to them. Most of us, on the other hand, have friends whom we might, in case of necessity, forgive for handing us a lump of sugar in their fingers; whilst strong affection again, between those persons who are parties to it, suspends within certain limits, the operation of the feeling altogether, or even inverts its character. But when all allowance has been made for exceptions such as these, the fact remains that the instinct and the very idea of cleanliness, point to, and are in great measure the expression of, a rooted antipathy in the brain and nerves of the individual to the physical personality of the rest of his own species. The sense of cleanliness is, as we have said, a composite one; but this curious antipathy forms one of its strongest elements. From it this sense derives those special characteristics, in virtue of which violation excites not only disapprobation, but disgust. From a wine-glass whose rim had a slight smear of tar on it, we drink, under pressure of circumstances, with resignation if not with pleasure; but from a wine-glass whose rim was smeared by the lips of our fellow-creatures, we should, unless dying of thirst, shrink as from a strong emetic. If a man were in the habit of dropping little portions of sand on the plates from which he expected his guests to eat, his guests would call him slovenly, and brush away the sand with their napkins. But if instead of dropping sand on the plates, it was his habit to breathe upon them, his guests would regard him as a monster, and consider the plates as poisoned.

What can be the origin of this strongly marked—this almost passionate feeling? The detestation of

dirt as a protest against conditions that are unhealthy is intelligible. It is intelligible also as a pretext against what is unsightly, undignified, inconsistent with order and beauty. The elevation of personal cleanliness to the rank of a moral beauty has been explained, with some plausibility, as an expression of the modern reaction against the unreasonable asceticism which was once regarded as a virtue, and which prompted the mediæval saint to look on dirt as a condition of sanctity. But we are not aware that any explanation has been attempted of the instinct that prompts men to identify the most repulsive forms of dirt with any trace left on external objects by the physical contact of other human beings. Pessimists may say that this inveterate and widely extended instinct disproves the reality of that brotherly love and sympathy which forms, according to the apostles of the modern religion of humanity, a natural bond of union between all members of the human race, and is destined to express itself ultimately in some democratic millennium. Pessimists may say that this instinct proves that, though mutual benevolence between men is doubtless a sentiment which has some effect on human affairs, the sentiment of mutual antipathy is not only more universal, but is, on the whole, incomparably more genuine and intense.

For the origin of the instinct in question we do not pretend to account; but we can at all events suggest a plausible answer to the pessimist. If a man resents, as a clean man certainly would do, being asked to drink out of a glass which has just been used by another, or to eat with a fork which has just been in another's mouth, or to use a handkerchief borrowed from another who has a bad cold, his resentment need not prove that his antipathy to the personality of that other implies any antipathy of an anti-social kind; for if a man should discern that his companion was less particular than himself—if the latter should show himself willing to eat with the unwashed fork which a moment ago had been in the mouth of the former—any feeling of antipathy would on that account be rendered infinitely more acute than if the companion were to grow green with nausea at the thought of touching the fork's handle, which had been in contact with the other's hand. A mutual antipathy therefore can hardly divide men, if each despises the other in proportion as he finds it absent in him, and thinks him a decent man in proportion as he finds it present. This reflection, it is true, is no answer to the question we have suggested; but if it is not an answer to us in our curiosity, it may at least be a consolation to us in our doubts.

THE RUSKIN EXHIBITION.*

RUSKIN expressly disclaimed the possession of any faculty of picture-making; he was firmly convinced that the born painter differs in kind from the made painter and that he himself was not born with the gift. But he held that people without the inventive or composing gift might be trained to produce drawing and painting that would have its uses, and the practices he recommends in several of his books are addressed to students of such ordinary faculties. He believed in training the sight by such study to be more precise and fine; thus anyone who had once attended to the form and colours of a peacock's feather as rigorously and minutely as the draughtsman of No. 164 in this exhibition would have both learned the thing thoroughly and disciplined his eye and hand. Such studies therefore were to be a part of gentle education. But Ruskin hoped for an application of such faculties beyond the sharpening of the individual eye. Beside the imaginative work of the painter he thought a more modest work possible, that of the historian. He saw the monuments of ancient architecture decaying demolished or falsified daily, and would fain have employed an army of draughtsmen to make veracious records of their aspect before it was too late. He saw landscape itself dissolving, the mountains wearing down, the glaciers shrinking, woods and

* At the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours. Open till 2 March.

rivers and the very sky transformed by the spread of towns. He would have had the historians chronicle the old countryside, and even "bottle" sunsets.

How much of this programme might be carried out under close supervision it is hard to say. From the fitful industry of the amateur to whom the books were addressed not very much can be expected. Ruskin trained and paid a certain number of workers, one of whom, Mr. Rooke, still continues to draw architecture on his principles. I should say that the number of people who could be drilled into precise technique for perfectly defined imitative work is very much greater than is generally supposed. But the rendering of architectural and natural form required by the programme is never of this perfectly simple kind. Judgment is required at every step to decide which forms or tones are the more essential; the man who possesses this judgment must be in some degree an artist, and in even greater degree is likely to have the artistic ambition; he will break off at an early stage from humble chronicling into more or less successful picture-making. It was with such natures that Ruskin's teaching was bound to have its greatest effect. The late Mr. Alfred Hunt was perhaps the most eminent in a generation of painters who were thus affected. On one side he was the disciple of Turnerian rhythm, on the other his conscience was heavy with a debt to all the facts of a given scene; his rainbow-picture in the present exhibition of water-colours at the Fine Art Society's Gallery is an example of his remarkable gifts as a chronicler spent on material heartbreaking to the pictorial faculty; it is the high-water mark of a mixed artistic and scientific ideal.

Ruskin, clear-sighted about his own limitations, drew for the study and illustration of the matter of his books, with results unique in the history of illustration. What he might have done if all his time had been given to "history" in drawing, this most interesting collection shows, and also the difficulties that programme involved. At Oxford he was already a respectable sketcher with the pencil, as a view of S. Mary's shows. Continued practice carried him through imitations of Prout and others to the remarkable accomplishment of the No. 6 *Abbeville* (? of 1868). The "history" in this drawing was evidently the more palatable and easy to pursue because the subject fell into a grand disposition whose rhythm is helped out by the line of baskets and market-stuff in the foreground. The proportion and skill with which the myriad detail of the distant church is rendered against the nearer houses are very striking. This and some other drawings of the same kind used to be in the Oxford collection and it is to be hoped may remain there. Such drawing is, for its purpose, the true mean between an architect's T-square reconstruction of façades, and the picturesque which curves and breaks all lines impartially. In this the tender inclinations that lines of building take with time are studied, giving the look of growth and old settling.

Another admirable kind of drawing is represented by the studies of Venetian palaces Nos. 2 and 10. Here a single wall surface is drawn and the different materials, brick, marble, plaster are washed with tints that indicate their local colour. Difficulties accumulate when this system of outline and local tint is abandoned for the attempt to give the surfaces in all their gradations of tone, colour and atmosphere. The temptation was inevitable to one who loved to follow out the delicate flammings of a crystal or a feather, and whose pleasure in architecture was so bound up with rich incrustation and tender weathering; but it is one thing to sit down and paint a crystal in an equable suffused light, another to copy the front of a building subject to constant changes of illumination, each patch of local colour altering with the total effect. Moreover the colouring was done piece by piece on white paper, so that if a patch looked approximately right when alone, it must look wrong when the neighbouring patches were added. The difficulty was increased when the larger subjects were built up from separate leaves of a sketch book. Such drawings never could be finished with the desired elaboration of detail; they usually break off half way, like the drawing of a porch of S. Mark's (19) where the painting of the mosaic on the curved

gold surface of the vault has been the last straw in the intolerable load. No. 46 shows a more possible method. The main tones have been blotted in and then the red brick and marble of the doorway of the cloister of San Gregorio has been taken up and elaborated in body colour. Then the draughtsman has abandoned it, "beaten" as a marginal note tells us. Probably the growing anguish of seeing how badly the group of buildings composed had something to do with the decision. As one goes about a place like Venice the eye admires passages of colour fitted to its own perpetually adjusted and dissolving frame; when a cut is made to include one or two of them and rigorously copied, it will develop all manner of worrying features and dishearten the student who is most resolutely bent on the fragment and not the picture. The view of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is better balanced, and is accordingly carried farther. The fact is that while a single building, conventionally treated, yields a ready-made design to the student, a group of buildings and their association with sky, water, trees and so on impresses on the student the necessity of finding his own design; at each step in the path of effect he must pay pictorial toll or else suffer from suppressed intellectual revolt. In a drawing like the *Vineyard Walk at Lucca* (160) we see Ruskin fairly started for the pictorial goal with all its sacrifices of detail to the necessities of effect. One or two other notes of effect are interesting in this connexion e.g. the blood-red walls of Pisa at sunset, contrasted with the blue or turbid yellow of the river, set down with Japanese simplicity. *Interlachen* (261) is the best pictorial sketch, perhaps.

But from this point, where study of architectural detail passes away into sheer landscape effect, we must return to the studies of detail in natural forms. The infinity of natural forms is a less defined matter for imitation than architecture; the value of these studies varies accordingly with the definiteness of the intention to single out and illustrate some law of structure. Those illustrating the lines of rock structure and hill sculpture are particularly fine; one of the Crossmount studies in monochrome of rock and plant form combined is comparable to the architectural drawings, two others, in which colour is applied in a manner that hesitates between the map-wash and the attempt to realise, are less satisfactory. Least satisfactory of all is such a study as *The Pass of Killiecrankie* 1857 (368), where a slice of nature is copied *ad infinitum*, the result, no doubt, of some moment of Preraphaelite theory. The colour of water, rock, &c., the result of cumulative observation of small patches, is deplorable; study of this sort leads nowhere, and the inclusion of the fir-trees, thoroughly incoherent in form with the birches, is only accounted for by the tyranny of the slice. The thing becomes a bad photograph, out of which a study of the rock forms might be made. Sunrise and sunset, the subjects Ruskin would fain have studied above all, are by their character removed from the means and kind of imitation his programme required. The range of their colours is not imitable in pigment, and the melting forms of the cloudlets, even if they stayed to be copied, are not imitable by pencil outline. Drawings made to study the structure of cloud-drift are another matter. The plumage of dead birds offered a more manageable colour subject.

The portrait-drawings and some of the large copies from pictures suffer from a special cause, the pencil outline applied on a wrong scale. The pencil outline is properly used on a small sheet of paper which covers the picture held at no great distance from the eye. If a larger scale is substituted, the pencil outline is not strong enough at the right distance, the paper will therefore be held too near for the proportions of the drawing to be checked, or the effect of the outline at the natural distance of sight to be estimated. The copy from Tintoretto shows how the faulty pencil system was corrected when the brush superseded it.

I must break off these notes to find room for a few words in reply to Mr. Clayton's letter of last week on the Wellington monument, a subject to which I shall return. Mr. Clayton exaggerates the incompleteness of the model, which is very far from being a rough dummy. The magnificent design is in essentials com-

plete, and at the height for which it is planned and in the dim light of S. Paul's it is the great contours planes and masses that will tell. No man can now say what proportion of detailed modelling Stevens would have added, but he certainly would have kept the whole broad in the circumstances. I have examined the model several times and recently strengthened my own opinion with those of a sculptor and a bronze founder. One or two places where the plaster has been chipped would have to be patched, but we agreed that the only possible policy is to carry out the model as Stevens left it. To have it overhauled by another hand would be much worse than to have it in its rough authentic state. Mr. Penrose, the late surveyor, who is familiar with the model and the history of the monument, tells me it would be an easy thing to hoist the plaster into position. This would decide the question of its effect, and enable people to judge for themselves this masterpiece of design.

D. S. M.

TWO CONCERTS AND A BOOK.

UNTIL last Saturday it had been a very long time since I attended one of Mr. Henry Wood's orchestral concerts; but when I arrived there in the middle of the afternoon, it seemed as though I had returned after the interval in one which I heard during the earlier portion of last year. The precise pieces performed I cannot vouch for, but I will stake my head that when I was last in Queen's Hall in the spring of 1900 the names of Tschaikowsky and Wagner figured largely in the programme; and it is certain that on last Saturday's programme they figured largely enough. There was the Brahms' D violin concerto, and there were songs, and an overture by Mr. Percy Pitt; but the names that stood out were Wagner and Tschaikowsky—the first represented by his *Huldigungs March*, the second by his E minor symphony. It may be concluded that London's taste has not altered during the last year, since now, as a year ago, only two names seem to have power to fill a concert hall. Well, there are not many better names; and anyhow, London's taste has certainly improved since the days when the name most frequently to be found on the programmes of orchestral concerts was that of Mendelsohn, and when audiences could actually be attracted to the Philharmonic to hear the mighty works of the late Macfarren and Cusins and dozens of forgotten foreign gentlemen. Even if Messrs. Newman and Wood do give us a little too much of the too familiar things by Tschaikowsky and Wagner, they do attempt to find a place for a few English novelties; and no Herr, or Monsieur, or Signor, has power to bully them into playing the rubbish of gentlemen whose sole distinction is that they are not English. The Philharmonic still plays the old game, and each season brings its harvest of alien celebrities who are totally unknown in their own lands; and it seems more than likely that Covent Garden will soon begin to cheer our drooping spirits with performances of works without sufficient life in them to hold the Paris stage. But to the eternal credit of Mr. Wood and Mr. Newman it can be said that at Queen's Hall musicians, whether players, singers or composers, are judged rather by their musicianship than their nationality. English music is given a chance there—not a too splendid chance, it is true, but at least a chance. Mr. Percy Pitt's "Taming of the Shrew" overture, played last Saturday, is an agreeable piece of music. It starts merrily enough, but totally falls to pieces in the working-out section—and this scarcely surprises one. It is hard to see what inspiration any composer could find in so dreary and unpoetical a subject as the "Taming of the Shrew." But the end is lively and interesting. Unfortunately it was placed last, and an English audience, after Miss Florence Schmidt had sung some ridiculous Italian stuff, proceeded to show how little it considered English music by going home. I suggest to Mr. Wood that, since audiences are stupid and in sad need of education, he should compel them to listen to English compositions as they are at present compelled to listen to the achievements of Mr. Leoncavallo, whose songs are carefully placed in the middle of the

programme. As for the rest of the concert, I have often before said what I have to say about Tschaikowsky and the well-worn *Huldigungs March*. The Brahms concerto, played by Lady Hallé, is hardly worth mentioning at all. I observe that some of the daily papers pull off their usual cliché with regard to it. It runs something like this: "Although it must be admitted that the Viennese (or Hamburg) master was often dull and dry, yet in this concerto he &c. &c." I suggest respectfully to my worthy brethren of the daily press that they should make up their minds. It would be a fearful thing for them if some fine day I should print a collection of their notable utterances proving conclusively that they thought every one of Brahms' compositions dull and dry and every one an exception to the rule that all are dull and dry. This concerto is not even dull and dry: it is simply lifeless and incapable of holding one's interest for five minutes. Lady Hallé's playing of it was precisely what one might have expected from Lady Hallé.

Mr. Ysaÿe is here from Brussels with his quartet, trying his very best to restore to life the once really popular Popular concerts. To my mind he is by far the greatest of all living fiddlers. I know a few belated Mendelssohnites adore Joachim; but I never could admire him. It seems to me he rarely played the violin well. Again and again he has made valorous attempts to do it; but everlastingly something has gone wrong. Generally his tone was villainous; and whenever it became beautiful for a moment all expression, all power of communicating to the hearer the player's emotion, departed out of it. I remember nothing more terrible, though I have gone through bitter years of terrible experiences, than his "interpretation" of the Bach chaconne. Yes, I recall something even worse—a painful evening when he sawed his way through the perpetual Bach fugue. Two quite inexpert sawyers with a blunt saw trying to cut up a log of teak would have made less excruciating music. But I do not wish to dwell upon this. My general criticism of Joachim is that to begin with he does not thoroughly understand the greatest music, and of the music he does understand that which he plays prettily he plays inexpressively, and that which he plays in the least expressively he makes so ugly at times that sensitive ears cannot tolerate it. Sarasate, on the other hand, is always beautiful. His tone is always lovely; it never ceases to be silvery and fascinating. But no one who has heard him gaily rattle his way through the tremendous *Kreutzer* sonata of Beethoven will accuse him of being a great violinist. He is a Whistler amongst interpretative musicians—always on the surface, always charming, always endeavouring and never succeeding in being serious, incessantly failing to be profound or to comprehend or even dimly apprehend the profound. Alone amongst living violinists we have Ysaÿe, his tone always magnificent—always broad, grand, rich and beautiful—and his expression at the same time perfect. He happens to be not only a great fiddler but in addition a very fine musician. At Brussels I have heard him play Wagner and Beethoven on his own orchestra. Now he is leading his quartet at the Pops, and his quartet playing is the same as his solo fiddle playing or his playing of the orchestra: one feels perpetually that Ysaÿe is unaggressive master of the situation.

Mr. H. T. Finck's "Songs and Song Writers" has just been published in this country by Mr. John Murray. Mr. Finck is one of the most able of the New York critics; his "Wagner and his Works" is, and will probably remain, the standard book on the subject. I have a great respect for him. But I wish he had worked for another year before publishing this book. It is a notable example of the hasty slap-dash journalism of clever Americans. Not only are there endless contradictions, not only are the sentences heaped together haphazard, but there is a total want of grip of the matter. I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Finck knows a great part of the subject exceedingly well; but I am quite certain that he does not know all, and that (what is worse) before beginning to write he has not sat down and forced himself to realise vividly and firmly all the latent half-formed conclusions at the back of his head. For

instance, this book is devoted to the "Lied," or, as Mr. Finck frequently calls it, "the Art-song." Yet there is no very clear exposition of what is meant by the Lied or Art-song. Anyone who knows already can quite easily follow Mr. Finck; but such books as these presumably are not written for those who know already. A chapter roughly explaining the whole thing is needed. Then again, Mr. Finck's judgments are mostly of the rashest sort. Schumann is not one of the world's greatest composers; but surely he is not to be set down beneath such an intolerable dullard as Franz. Mr. Finck selects twenty of Schumann's songs as his best and judges him by these. Unfortunately they are not all his best; and many of his best are omitted. But even the worst of Mr. Finck's twenty is far above the very best things Franz accomplished. I could not but laugh to read the complaints about the treatment accorded to Franz's songs by various singers—to learn how they would sing a song once and never again. Of singers and the intelligence and artistic judgment of singers I have the very smallest opinion; but with regard to Franz it seems to me they are right. Franz is no good at all. He devoted a good part of his life to desecrating the masterpieces of Bach and Handel; and at times he wrote songs. Mr. Finck finds traces of the German chorale in those songs, where I find nothing but reminders of the caterwauling of the synagogue. But I would by no means utterly condemn this book—a book by a writer who has done so much brilliant work as Mr. Finck is not likely to be one demanding utter condemnation. There is a great deal of very valuable stuff in it; and many who are not close students of musical history may learn from it much they did not know before. I have learnt much from it. What I object to are the too hasty judgments. I cannot understand how anyone can place not only Franz, but Grieg also, amongst the great ones. If I thought Mr. Finck would stick to this after deliberation, I should give him up altogether as a critic. As for Mr. MacDowell, he may be, for all I know, as astounding a man as Mr. Finck says. But like Mr. MacDowell's countryman "I hae ma doots." Mr. MacDowell is known to be a reactionary; and never in the whole history of all the arts has a reactionary been a great artist or a great artist a reactionary. Still, I will send for some of Mr. MacDowell's music and give an opinion on it some day. Perhaps in the meantime Mr. Finck will also reconsider it. And if he can find a few moments to reconsider Schumann, Grieg and Franz, and to place them in an order which is not obviously preposterous, he will turn what is already a good and valuable book into an admirable and invaluable one.

J. F. R.

METROPOLITAN, TRANSMARINE, AND TRANSPONTINE.

I WAS rather nervous about "The Awakening." Through "The Tyranny of Tears" (and through that only), I had conceived such a respect for Mr. Haddon Chambers that I was appalled by the possibility that he had backslidden to his early manner. However, I soon breathed freely. All was well, "lights burning bright," and so forth. "The Awakening" is, indeed, a very good sample of modern dramaturgy. Its author shows a keen interest in the surface-manners of contemporary life, and in the intricacies of human character. And, primarily, as in "The Tyranny of Tears," he uses his innate sense of the theatre, not for striking out unscrupulously theatrical effects, but for creating effects of real life across footlights. Of "good situations" his play has no lack, but they are situations that arise naturally from the opposition of various well-observed and well-projected characters, placed in likely circumstances. The characters are not mere little bits of wood—not mere little chessmen, with conventional shapes and appointed moves, played by one whose eyes are blindfolded to life, and whose one purpose is to stagger us with his skill. They are live creatures, with free wills; they move, instead of being moved. Thus they satisfy what is, for me, the prime test of good modern drama. And the play in which they move is to me as much more fascinating

than (say) "The Gay Lord Quex" as is life than chess.

Only at one point does it seem to me that Mr. Chambers is guilty of staginess. And that is when, in the first act, the young girl pays a midnight visit to the rooms of the sporadically-amorous man with whom she is in love. This visit, which Mr. Chambers tries by various means to make plausible, remains quite implausible. One feels that the girl's sole reason for coming is that she may be duly seen by us, and may acquaint us duly with her antecedents, before the second act begins. There are many ways in which Mr. Chambers could have let her do this duty without trampling on likelihood. One way would have been to make the first act pass in the afternoon instead of in the evening. Why did not Mr. Chambers do this? My conjecture is that he had, in his first (written or unwritten) scenario intended the girl to have been previously seduced by the man, that (for commercial reasons) he changed his mind, and that he would not, however, take the trouble to remodel the details in order to harmonise them with the general change in his conception. Assuming that I have guessed aright, I deem it a pity that he would not take this trouble. Or, rather, I deem it a pity that he changed his main conception of the girl's history. If (as were quite probable, in the given circumstances) the girl had been "deceived" in the technical as well as in the literal sense of the word, her subsequent scene with the newly-widowed woman who has been for some time the man's mistress would be far more poignant in its conflict. However it does not greatly matter. By changing his main conception Mr. Chambers has done no real mischief. The conflict of the two women is, as it stands, a quite natural conflict, and gives very poignant emotion to the audience. The point is merely that the emotion might have been still more poignant, if Mr. Chambers had adhered to his original scheme. And remember! I may be (and probably am) quite mistaken in assuming that he did not do so.

Miss Fay Davis plays the girl's part very—what shall I say? There is no recognised adverb that expresses the exact degree and kind of praise that I would bestow—very faydavisically, let me say. That is, she displays her usual charm of manner, and, as soon as it is needed, her usual power. Perhaps it is because both the power and the charm are peculiarly her own, and so make a very sharp impression every time one sees them, that one feels as if one had been seeing them rather often. The part of the amorist, played by Mr. Alexander, is drawn with much sympathy. Every man, good or bad, sympathises with himself. No dramatist can draw a character truly unless he project himself inside it—unless he become, imaginatively, the character itself. Accordingly, no character, good or bad, can be drawn without sympathy. It is just this quality which has made the amorist of this play live, and distinguishes him from the stage's ordinary dummy of a Lothario, drawn disapprovingly from without. The part is played very attractively by Mr. Alexander, whom, nevertheless, I should like to see again in those strenuous parts which suit him much better than parts in modern comedy. Miss Gertrude Kingston is admirable as the newly-made widow. Possibly she does not extract for it from the audience so much sympathy as the author put into it; on the other hand, she brings to it exactly the outward manner which it needs, and which no other actress could have brought to it. All the subordinate parts are drawn with unusual care and vividness, and are, with one exception, well cast. The exception is the part of a stupid smart young man. In it Mr. H. B. Irving, with his brow and gait and manner reflecting all the more serious intellectual aspects of the Augustan era and the Renaissance and the Romantic Movement of 1830, provides endless fun for young and old.

"It's a wonderful invention!" exclaims the Duchesse de Reville, as she turns up the gas in the conservatory. The words are as illuminative as her action. "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," of which an English version appeared last Tuesday afternoon at the Strand Theatre, was written in that dark age when gas was still regarded as a luxury. Seeing it played by mimes

in the costumes of 1901 A.D., one is apt to forget its period, and is consequently irritated by its manner. This naïve exposition at the outset, these naïve devices of intercepted letters and overheard conversations, this stiff symmetry of action and of character, come upon one with much the same effect as they would from a comedy of to-day. But the Duchesse's tribute to gas sends one for a moment straight back into the proper period. A pity that the translators, Miss Martia Leonard and Mr. J. T. Grein, did not so far tamper with the original as to make the Duchesse praise gas frequently throughout the play. But the best way would have been to treat the play frankly as a costume-play. In substance, as in technique, it belongs definitely to the time in which it was written. Pailleron is, for practical purposes, as remote from us as Molière, and "Les Précieuses Ridicules" would seem no more queer to us in modern garb than does this later satire of similar things. Every comedy of manners belongs definitely to its own time, and should be treated accordingly. Be it never so masterly, no comedy of manners can but oppress one if it be dragged visually up to date. I am sure that Miss Leonard and Mr. Grein will concur with me. Probably, the only reason why they did not put their mimes into costume was the very good reason that the play was for one performance only. As there is a law of time in these matters, so is there also a law of space. Almost every play belongs definitely to the country of its author. The only modern plays that can be translated without serious hurt are the plays of Maeterlinck, whose spirit and method have no nationality at all. Even Ibsen, despite the universality of his themes, suffers, inasmuch as his creatures are Norwegians in Norway. How much more so the ordinary dramatist, who reflects his locality and nothing outside it! How weird to see Anglo-Saxon mimes, as I saw them last Tuesday, trying to get into the impregnable skins of Parisian characters, trying to echo with Anglo-Saxon lips things unspeakable in any language but French! Free trade in art is a pretty catchword, a pretty ideal. But alas! however wide we may open the door to foreign merchandise, Nature steps in and imposes a tariff of very heavy duties. However, far be it from me to seem ungrateful to the two enterprising translators, or not appreciative of the mimes' endeavours. As Mr. Grein is one of the two or three dramatic critics who care and know about histrionic art, naturally one found in the cast several of those admirable mimes to whom managers prefer mimes not admirable at all. The Duchesse was played by Miss Susie Vaughan, Bellac by Mr. Courtenay Thorpe, Susanne by Miss Nina Boucicault. These three comedians have in their little fingers, respectively, enough talent to make one wonder why they are not fixtures in the best theatres.

Mr. Martin Harvey, with upturned eyes, and wearing ever that ethereally mystic smile, is proceeding steadily on his sentimental journey from bad to worse. "Halt!" cry I to him. For is it not a thousand pities that so important a young mime as he should persist in wasting his gifts on quite worthless plays? "The Only Way" was a dull melodrama, which "ran" by reason of Mr. Harvey's glamour. "Don Juan's Last Wager" was such poor stuff that even Mr. Harvey could not underpin it for more than a very few weeks. "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" (produced last Monday at the Court Theatre) is such pitifully old-fashioned balderdash that only the author's invisibility, *plus* a very adroit and glamorous little speech by Mr. Harvey, saved my sense of decorum from being outraged by an ugly demonstration at the end of the evening. On merely commercial grounds, I do strongly advise Mr. Harvey to reform. That he himself, being obviously an artistic and intelligent person, liked the play which he has produced I cannot persuade myself to believe (though he *did* dare to describe it as "beautiful" in his speech). But from the fact that he has produced it I assume that he supposed that it would be a success. And, unless I am very much mistaken, it won't be. Thirty years ago, in the more remote parts of the provinces, it might have had some measure of success. But in London, and in the present century, the public really has no use for it. Mr. Harvey will perceive that I am speaking quite objectively. Past, I do assure him, is

that era when even the provincial public would have been thrilled by so silly a villain as Anton Skariatine, or convulsed by such primitive fun as comes of a female servant tumbling downstairs with a tray of dishes and sprawling across the stage, or moved by such maudlin clap-trap as has been infused for Mr. Harvey into this clumsily-made melodrama. To truckle to the present taste of the public is the quickest way of making money, no doubt. But to truckle to what may once have been its taste, but long since ceased to be so, is very bad policy indeed—"it isn't business." A man of Mr. Harvey's glamour may lure the public back to a position from which it has progressed, but he cannot keep it there long. For sake of his box-office, Mr. Harvey ought to bestir himself and catch the public up, taking care not to outstrip it. But "there is a greater thing on earth than riches. With it the poor man is wealthy; without it the rich man is poor; beggars may possess it; it is not to be bought by kings." This quotation I quote from the programme, for which Mr. Harvey, showing his sincerity in its sentiment, does not charge sixpence. I suggest that a greater thing than riches is an artistic conscience at rest. Why should not Mr. Harvey soothe his artistic conscience by outstripping the public? He would not find the adventure disastrous to his exchequer. He would, indeed, find it much more remunerative than his present policy can ever be. Attracted by the glamour of a personality, the public will always, sooner or later, lumber forward to the point where the personality has pitched itself, and will there abide faithfully until the personality moves on further and beckons to it. That is how drama progresses. That is how Mr. Harvey himself might progress. At present he is letting the grass grow under his feet; or rather he is roving the desert. And very soon he will not be able to suppress by the light of his handsome eye the demands of his followers for some refreshment. His followers will leave him to eremeticism, an awful example. I urge Mr. Harvey to use his gifts aright, to lead forward instead of luring backward. He must cultivate *ambition*; else will he find his reputation as evanescent as the smoke from those cigarettes of which, on the first night, three were presented, with his compliments, to every male member of the audience. I am smoking one of those cigarettes at this moment, thus showing, perhaps, a certain disregard for the finer niceties of behaviour. I hasten to atone by affirming that it is a very good cigarette. Mr. Harvey is at liberty to make whatever use of this testimonial he may think fit. But might he not raise his standard in drama to the level of his standard in tobacco? MAX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLISH IMMIGRATION INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 5 February, 1901.

SIR,—Your article of 2 February on State-promoted emigration to redress the race inequality in South Africa, an object which it is so necessary to attain, presents some great practical difficulties for want of any exact analogy of other countries to follow. It is probable that the early military settlements at the Cape had not only first selection of the best soils, but depended largely on native labour, and really took root by making extensive use of it; research on these points of their history is worth making. The Canterbury settlement in New Zealand again is, as the writer personally knows, a plain of the most fertile land in the world, which still gives its sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the climate is more genial than in England. Life is an idyll there, and outdoor employment a positive pleasure. But in South Africa there is by all accounts a baking dryness with severer conditions than in Australia; so much so that small farming is only resorted to by those without the capital to rear stock on a large scale, or by the few who like the Africans born to it can put up with what to our emigrants would be an intolerably hard and monotonous life. Irrigation does not seem to have been very successful hitherto at the Cape owing both to the

scarcity of water, and the ready percolation of what has been stored through the soil. Nor has it been in many parts of Australia for similar reasons; but vast accumulations of water were discovered to exist far below ground, and tapping these by artesian wells has come to the rescue of the squatters' sheep runs. There is very little agricultural science brought to bear however either on the irrigation or arable farming of Australia, and what pays in the way of small farms or market gardening is all left to the Chinese. On the other hand Egypt differs from South Africa and Australia in having sufficient water for its very much smaller area in the Nile, while its climate is nearly as temperate. The Egyptian Fellahin thoroughly understand how to cultivate, while maintaining the fertility of the land partly by growing a nitrogenous crop in rotation, and partly by manures. They have also assistance from outside capital through the banks, and there is a Government Agricultural College and experimental farm at Cairo doing excellent work. Egypt is however a small affair compared to the problem of South Africa, and the irrigation is of an entirely different type from that required by or possible in Cape Colony. It is true there are very large systems of irrigation in India, though out of three hundred millions of acres under crop only eighteen millions are as yet irrigated. But the circumstances of that empire, the depressing climate, and antiquated agricultural processes are no precedent for British emigrants, even if the same irrigation methods were applicable to South Africa. There is ordinarily a very fair rainfall in India, though not distributed throughout the year as in temperate regions. For three-months' monsoons the fall in places is excessive, and India is well supplied with great rivers. Irrigation has therefore been confined to the engineering works necessary for diverting water from those rivers to the land, and storing rainwater in reservoirs, so as to equalise distribution. The science employed has been hydraulic rather than agricultural, engineers merely providing water which the natives have known for thousands of years how to turn to account in ways that could never pay a European. There is besides much native well irrigation. What now operates to limit the complete irrigation of India is its infancy as an agricultural art, and the want of experimental stations to determine unsettled points, such as the most economic quantity of water to use, the best mode of its application, and drainage of the soil. The farming routine practised in the British Islands is quite unsuited to the tropics, and of course irrigation cannot be learnt on an English homestead. Nor can any training be given in this country under anything resembling the special conditions of a sub-tropical region like South Africa. All that can be attempted is to instruct students in the principles of science which underlie vegetable growth and animal development in every latitude, and send them out to the colony young. This undoubtedly makes the cadets of our county families the most desirable immigrants for South Africa, who will arrive there a numerous body with nothing at least to unlearn, and because new will find it a field of singular interest. Still unless there is a strong Government organisation previously established to receive and start them, even the most enterprising would be fishes out of water. The example to take is that of Denmark, which is not by nature a first-rate farming country, but, when its Government resolved to apply science to increase of produce, founded a Royal Agricultural College and twelve agricultural schools, appointing two directors of field experiments, and ten expert specialists who give gratuitous advice on crop diseases, agricultural machinery, stock breeding, and other rural matters. There are also in Denmark twenty-seven experts paid by agricultural societies for the same purpose. The United States, Canada, and some of the Continental nations of Europe adopt the same enlightened policy. It is Government establishments of this sort, and experimental stations to work out the problems of irrigation that have scarcely been touched, though they are essential to solve if British emigrants are ever to settle comfortably on South African land and India is to be preserved from famine, that are required. If it was once shown how crops are to be raised by irrigation and farms made to yield an income in the

formidable aridity of South Africa, youths after a practical education could be safely despatched there by their friends, sure of getting a living, and able to learn on the spot under reliable auspices how to set to work on scientific principles, and to control native labour. In the absence of any Government arrangements, such as those of Denmark, and as affairs are now, emigrants beginning a South African agricultural career can hardly expect to rise beyond the position of the cockatoo settler so well known and little envied in Australia, whose whole life of arable farming is an unequal struggle with natural obstacles. A. T. F.

SENTIMENTALITY AND SONG-BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Clandale," Craigmore, Isle of Bute, Scotland.

SIR,—It is evident that my artless letter on "Angling for Song-birds" has touched your correspondent "A. N." in his most sensitive part, to wit, his stomach. He is fond of lark pudding, and presumably of "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." Not my sentimentality, I imagine, but the mere suggestion that he should be denied his epicurean delights, has made him "squirm and sicken," and even moved him to personal and pedantic attack upon me. In my attempt to call public attention to what I conceived to be a national reproach, I was not posing—as the writer of "Sentimentality and the Song-bird" obviously is posing—as a man of letters. I had something to say, and said it I think, in simple straightforward English. I did not consider it necessary to load my letter and weary your readers, with all the "fine things" I had learned in my college days. Pedantry I leave to such writers as "A. N." Was it this modest reserve, or a printer's error which any amateur dabbler in ink would have recognised as such, that induced "A. N." to refer insultingly to me as his "unlettered friend"? It matters nothing; indeed "A. N." after all, has himself truthfully said that what he thinks is no matter. Certainly the thoughts of one who advocates laissez-faire in regard to revolting cruelty, will not weigh greatly with a humane and sensible public.

But what argument, I ask, has your correspondent put forward in justification of his attitude? He tells us that "one of the tenderest-hearted women he knows" caught and cooked sparrows, nor felt any remorse. I am sorry for the tenderest-hearted woman he knows; I am sorry for "A. N." that he knows no still more tender-hearted woman. He offers himself up as "a shocking example." I accept him as such. He informs us that his letter is "hard and contemptuous." He mistakes: it is undignified and contemptible. While ranting with the worst of us, he charges the whole newspaper press with disseminating "cant, rant and sentimentality of every kind;" and while preaching modesty coolly classes himself with Byron and John Stuart Mill! My accidental phrase "God's sweet choristers" worries him, and he commits the absurdity of contrasting it with the language of such a master as Swinburne. I regret that through me, even indirectly, my favourite among modern great men should have been subjected to indignity.

Finally I would make my own attitude clear. "A. N." is entirely mistaken in supposing that my protest was against the destruction of song-birds only. The fact that the butchered birds were for the most part singers was quite a secondary consideration, but decidedly an aggravation of the wrong. It was, indeed, not against the destruction of birds that I raised my censure, but against the *method* of destruction. And, notwithstanding your correspondent's column of grandiloquent dashes and parentheses, I am still of the opinion that the catching of any kind of bird by line and hook is a practice unworthy of an English name.

Thanking you in anticipation of your forbearance, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD KERR-LAWSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester and County Club, Rochester.

SIR,—Mr. Edward Kerr-Lawson has exposed in your paper a cruel custom on the coast of Cornwall of

angling for song-birds. Will you allow me to draw attention to another cruel practice, which I fear is general over England?

It is that of the bird-catchers killing the hen birds which they take, for the reason, apparently, that the hens if allowed to go free would, as the catchers say, keep other birds from capture. Here we have a picture of wanton destruction, and doubtless one of the chief reasons of the growing scarcity of many birds which used to be common.—I am, yours faithfully,

FRANK C. H. BORRETT.

THE STATUS OF THE MARINES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ottawa, Canada, January 1901.

SIR,—In your issue of 29 December is a letter from "A Naval Officer" on the subject of the Royal Marines, and a footnote by yourself to the effect that you intend to discuss the question later on. The general subject comprises a perennial font of newspaper correspondence, viz. "Discontent in the Royal Marines"—a matter about which even naval officers have written, but which only Marine officers can feel. May I as an ex-Marine officer, be permitted to say a few words on the subject. In the altered conditions of warfare, as "A Naval Officer" correctly maintains, there is no reason why the Marines should be on board ship; probably no one will attempt to dispute this opinion, least of all any Marine officer, for by none other would the divorce of the Marines from the navy be more cordially welcomed. It would be long and practically vain to trace the causes of discontent of the Marines with their Admiralty relationship, though it requires an effort to be silent when opportunity is afforded for speaking out. However for the present I will assume it to be agreed on all sides that the Marines are no longer required on board ship. What next? The Marines are usually spoken of as a magnificent corps. To do naval officers justice they are ever ready to uphold the merits of the sea-soldiers with whom they serve. Many people think this corps the finest body of infantry in the British service, and those of that opinion ascribe this excellence to the longer term of enlistment, the frequent service in small detachments and to some extent to the habit Marines have of thinking for themselves and exercising their individual intelligence, a habit the corps have gained from the temporary association with men of the sea. Would it be wise to abolish this admirably organised corps, would it not be wiser to adapt the organisation to the present and future needs of the Empire, and avoid the reproach of wasting the services of a large and well-ordered force as we are doing at present? If the Marines were entirely removed from the control of the Admiralty, and placed under other authority, under the title of the Gibraltar Regiment, or any other suitable name, they might be used in peace-time to garrison Portsmouth, Plymouth, Gibraltar, Malta or other places in or out of England when the several battalions would be at hand for ready distribution in time of war. And this would not be merely adding so many battalions to the existing regiments of infantry, for besides the circumstance of the Marines being long-service men, is the important fact of their gunnery training. A Marine is a gunner as well as a rifleman and should be so maintained. We are beginning to see that everything concerning a soldier is not necessarily understood at Aldershot, and that a man who can turn his hand to various weapons of warfare, including a spade, is a more useful soldier than one who cannot. The Marines undergo a special gunnery instruction, which if need be might be amplified so that either in a defensive position or as a rifleman in the field he would be equally valuable. In the meantime the Marines' place on board a ship would be occupied by men more specially trained for sea service, and the great garrisons of the Empire would be strengthened by the service of men who were at once efficient riflemen and practised gunners. The details of such a change it is not necessary now to consider, but care should be taken that in removing the Marine from one governing authority to another the series of unjust conditions which the Royal Marines have

so long borne under the old system, should not be continued nor others created in the new. It is not right, nor in the future will it be wise to allow a general and justifiable sense of unjust treatment to exist in any particular portion of Her Majesty's forces, trusting merely to loyalty and esprit de corps to prevent any open expression of discontent.—Yours obediently,

MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN,
An ex-Marine Officer.

A PUGNACIOUS COLONEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The State University of Iowa,
Iowa City, Iowa, 2 February, 1901.

SIR,—I have read with very great regret the letter signed "R. C. Carton, Colonel U.S. Army" and published in your columns 19 January—regret that an army officer should thus make an "exhibition" of himself. Such letters will not of course be taken seriously by the English people. The intemperate thoughts there presented may be the views and desires of men of Mr. Carton's stamp, but they certainly do not represent the feelings of the American people, and I venture to believe that the American people would choose as spokesman on the relations of England and America a man of saner judgment.

With merited sarcasm Mr. Graham refers to the "style" of the letter; I find absolutely no style in it.

I have the honour to be,

Yours very respectfully,
CHARLES BUNDY WILSON.

CHRISTIANITY AND KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Matthew's Vicarage, Leeds, 12 February, 1901.

SIR,—“A Lover of Animals” cannot “find any teaching of kindness to animals in the Bible, merely slay and eat.”

May I ask if the following passages justify his contention?

Deuteronomy xxii. 4.—“Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.”

Deuteronomy xxii. 6.—“If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go and take the young to thee.”

Deuteronomy xxv. 4.—“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.”

Noah did offer sacrifice when he left the Ark, but he had prepared for so doing by taking into the Ark seven pairs of such animals and birds as were available for sacrifice. He destroyed no species. The dove sent out to prospect before the waters had abated found Noah on her return as anxious as are the best of us now for the return of a homing pigeon.

Genesis viii. 9.—“She returned unto him into the Ark”—“he put forth his hand and took her, and pulled her into the Ark.”

The Church of England permits, and the permission is largely used, the use of a canticle called *Benedicite*, omnia opera, in place of the *Te Deum*. That canticle breathes no cruel “slay and eat” in “O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord,” “O all ye fowls of the air, O all ye beasts and cattle, bless ye the Lord.” S. Peter who was bidden “slay and eat” was a Christian, yet he demurred to comply with that precept.

One clergyman of the Church of England has carried his efforts for preventing cruelty so far as to urge not only on home authorities, but also on those of sundry War Offices on the Continent, the propriety of exercising more care for wounded horses than is customary in time of war. He left his parish in order to plead personally for the animals, whom he like some other less practical Christians well loves. His name need not be withheld; it is Rev. F. Lawrence, Vicar of Westow, Yorks.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM DUNN.

REVIEWS.

THE DEATH OF THE GODS.

"La Mort des Dieux." By Dmitry de Méréjkowsky. Translated by J. Sorrèze. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900.

BEFORE us lies an appreciation by a Russian author of one of history's enigmas, Julian the Apostate, who attempted a reaction in favour of Paganism after a period of Arian predominance in the Christian Church and the Imperial Court. He is represented as inured to hypocrisy from his earliest years; and as receiving the cowl of a monk with hatred in his heart. Solitary in his childhood, and afflicted with the perpetual fear of death, growing up into a youth of repression and artificiality, he is suddenly summoned by Constantius II. as the last prop of Constantine's house, to take command as Caesar in Gaul. Thence, another Julius, full of honour and covered with military renown, he is forced to oppose his colleague, another Pompey, by the stern will of the soldiers. Constantius opportunely dies, and civil war is averted. Then he turns to his favourite resolve, the restoration of the Olympians. Disgusted with the quibbles and the malignity of the Christian sects, he finds no better character in the professed Hellenists. Doubt, esoteric disbelief, want of endeavour, self-seeking, mark those who by easy interchange of creeds have joined the Imperial party. The people he cannot move (the incident of the festival of Apollo at Antioch is well told); he is disappointed at their carelessness or open preference for the "Galilean" rites. He is cursed openly by Christian bishops; and as grossly insulted by the rabble of Antioch, always "in opposition." Sick at heart he loses faith in his divine mission, and in the very gods whom he attempted to bring back. Arsinoë, who once wooed him from monkhood with hopes of a pagan revival and her love, has become a Christian ascetic. In the fatal expedition to Persia, omens, portents, and the ill-concealed hostility and distrust of his military council, completely break down the confidence and assurance of the Emperor. In place of the gaiety and graceful blitheness of the ancient days, a never-ceasing doubt and melancholy beset him. His bodily powers, robust health and personal majesty are strengthened by his hard life and his laborious military routine; forming a curious contrast to his distressed uncertain mind and tottering reason.

Finally, convinced that the gods themselves oppose his schemes (when four bulls die before they are struck by the priest), he defies them too as he has defied the Christ; and to the terror and amazement of his army, he upsets the altar and becomes another Ajax in his startling contempt of the divine warnings. He knows the terrible yet fatal joys of absolute denial; he assumes not the studied calm and grace of the Hellene, but a wild Berserkir thirst for vengeance on the spirits who betrayed him, and welcomes an early grave as a release. "I swear it by the eternal delight centred in my heart, I deny you as you have denied me! Incapable divinities, I abandon you. I am alone against you, Olympian phantoms! I am equal to you. No, not your equal; I am a man, while ye only are gods! . . . For long my heart aspires to this deliverance. I see now; I break off our alliance. I laugh at my superstitious terror, and at your infantile prophecies. I lived like a slave; but I am awake now. I have learnt that I was stronger than you; for vowed to death, I have conquered death. No more sadness, fears, victims, prayers! It is over! henceforth there shall not be a single shadow, not a shudder! Nothing, except that eternal and Olympian smile I take from you, O Dead! nothing, but the sacred fire of which I rob you, O Immortals! My life shall be cloudless azure, in which ye have lived hitherto, in which ye are now dying, to yield place to men who shall become gods. Stay, I have forgotten something! Yes, it is the very chiefest thing. Listen! Say not 'The gods are no more!' but 'The gods are not yet.' They exist not, but they shall live, not in fables, but on the earth. We shall all be gods. Only, for that is needful a great daring, as no hero has had yet, not even Alexander" (419, 420).

Again (460) as he is dying, and men ask whom he names as his successor: "What does it matter?" he replies: "Fortune will decide. We must not resist her! Let the Galileans triumph. Later we shall conquer. There will be upon our earth the reign of men, the gods' equals, laughing for ever like the sun!" Henceforth, he is alone. Men shrink from him as smitten of God; the Christians whisper he is possessed of the devil for his unbelief; his advisers (never in complete sympathy with his visionary ideals) contemplate his removal; and when a successful ruse of a Persian spy has led him to burn his boats, nothing remains for him, as it seems, but an honourable death. With the traditional cry, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," so he expires in his tent, amid the tears of his friends, which are partly tears of relief, after the tension of this feverish madness. All unite in selecting a good Catholic Jovian; and even a disgraceful peace with Persia cannot spoil the universal rejoicing. Born out of due time, twice a renegade, Julian dies almost unregretted; while in the last scene his friends who had to some extent shared his hopes, seem in their despair of attaining truth to recognise the futility of all scorn, of all rivalry, all bitter feud; and to see in pagan and Christian orthodoxy alike, "broken shafts of that light," which to us must ever remain "unapproachable."

Interesting and artistic as the story is, it is clear that this conception is not true to fact. The Russian mind, long seething with a vague and rebellious antinomianism, has modernised out of all recognition the Imperial pedant, who was nevertheless a good general and a sincere patriot. That he was disillusioned in a faithless and petty age is no doubt true; that he became a Lucifer, a truculent and selfish Nietzschean "Beyond-Man," is most unlikely. His reign was too brief, occupied, and turbulent for him to have leisure for such a terrible awakening to the sense of loneliness, and failure. His intellect was too limited to have sounded the lowest depths of that despair which refuses to live in a world without Providence. His conscious rectitude, his busy preoccupation in affairs, saved him as it saves many men, from confronting this ultimate problem. Only Aurelius can face the possibility and yet preserve his calm, his sense of duty. Far more interesting than as an historical romance is the work considered as one of a series of problematic, psychological novels on the modern "Sickness of Living."

Whether we read d'Annunzio, or Huysmann, or Tolstoi, or Ibsen—writers so different that we think at first there can be nothing in common—there is the same tolerant irony, the same dissolving doubt in the value of endeavour, in the reality of those youthful dreams, which upheld Europe in her struggle for liberty, political and scientific, during the past century. Julian, the young reformer, who desires to bring back to a world of black-robed monks and universal sadness the old joyfulness and pride of life (that fabled heritage of the classic age) is like our enthusiasts, who saw in tyranny and religion the only barrier to happiness. Himself introspective, nervous, despondent, unable to snatch the moment, perpetually viewing himself from outside, and analysing his own motives—he is not unlike the hero of "Il trionfo della morte," the Italian tragedy of the passage of a soul from love to death. These saddened victims of an aimless world, where nothing is worth contesting or denying, seek to put off, as some slight consolation, into the clouds of a distant future the coming of a Being or a Race, who will have again that lost faculty of exuberant enjoyment! Such a faith, thin, attenuated, and strangely unselfish, perhaps keeps the pessimist from the final plunge; but the hopes of humanity are not here, and cannot be founded on such an illusion. The real Julian retained his faith and was happy even in death. The new age, which has become old so speedily, has lost faith in itself. It delights in writing the inner records of its own torments in the romance of history; in transferring its own patient yet ironical smile of despair to the lips of the more stalwart heroes of other days.

A PARLIAMENTARY VETERAN.

"Seventy Years at Westminster, with other Letters and Notes of the late Right Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P." Edited by his Daughter. London: Blackwood. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THE career of Sir John Mowbray is a striking example of the success which may nearly always be achieved by simplicity of aim and character, when assisted by average luck and unhampered by intellectual brilliancy. Sir John Mowbray probably never formed an original or independent opinion about anything. At Westminster School he was already a high-and-dry Tory, and in that faith he continued undoubting to his dying day. He was essentially a man who worked with, not against, others, and having found his groove travelled easily along it. This temperament, which is hereditary and cannot be acquired, is generally accompanied by the very useful habit of speaking well of others. Sir John Mowbray spoke kindly of all men, and consequently all men spoke kindly of him. He was unaffectedly modest, did not think himself particularly clever, and never tried to be witty. But he had a genuine appreciation of other people's brains, and, strong partisan as he was, did not underrate his opponents. Certainly his measure of success was considerable. He began life as plain John Cornish and went the Western Circuit. At the age of thirty-two he married an heiress from the North and by royal license assumed her name of Mowbray. In 1853, at the age of thirty-eight, Mr. Mowbray was returned for the city of Durham at a bye-election, and in 1858 he accepted the post of Judge-Advocate-General in Lord Derby's second Government, and was sworn of the Privy Council. Between 1866 and 1868 he again filled the same place, discharging at the same time the duties of Church Estates Commissioner, an honourable but unpaid task which he fulfilled subsequently from 1871 to 1892. For a quarter of a century, from 1874 to 1899, Sir John Mowbray (he was created a baronet by Disraeli) was Chairman of the Standing Orders and Selection Committees, and it is in this capacity that he is known to the present generation of politicians. Needless to say Sir John gained nothing by these labours except the respect and affection of his colleagues in successive Parliaments, for there never was a man more venerated and liked by members of all parties, including the wild Irishmen. The truth is that the House of Commons loves those who love it, and Sir John Mowbray was the devoted slave of the House of Commons. "Ask old Mowbray" came to be a formula current in the lobbies for all those who were in doubt. Enemies he had none, but he was sometimes called a Government "bonnet" by those graceless young rebels, who fail to understand how anybody not in receipt of a salary can support the front bench. There is one incident in his early political career which strikes us as being so extraordinary in the middle of the nineteenth century that we extract it. When Mr. Mowbray accepted the post of Judge Advocate-General from Lord Derby in 1858 he had to be re-elected for the City of Durham. It will hardly be believed, but the whole question turned on Lady Londonderry, and her ladyship would not hear of Mr. Mowbray's taking office because twenty-three years ago, in 1835, Lord Derby, (who was then Lord Stanley), opposed Lord Londonderry's appointment as ambassador to St. Petersburg! A truly feminine reason; and had these facts been set down by anybody but Miss Mowbray we should have refused to believe them. Poor Mr. Mowbray did everything he could think of to mollify the marchioness. He went to his friend, Lord Adolphus Vane, and asked to see his mother, and was told she was ill. He went to Disraeli, who advised him to keep his seat and give up the office. The next day he did succeed in seeing the great lady, who told him that her son had refused office under Lord Derby, and that therefore Mr. Mowbray must refuse! "I pointed out to her that Lord Vane had a great position which required no office to enhance it. My case was different: office meant advancement and success in life to me. But I added that the kindness of her family had always been great, and that I acquiesced in her decision, and would decline the office." The disappointed politician retired to St. Leonard's,

where the next day he received a messenger from Lord Derby and a telegram from Lady Londonderry, to the effect that the lady had withdrawn her opposition! Had all this happened in the eighteenth century, had the grande dame been the Duchess of Bedford, it would have been natural enough: but twenty-six years after the Reform Bill it seems ludicrous. The only other story which we shall quote relates to the celebrated election for Oxford University in 1865 when Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, now Lord Cranbrook, defeated Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Mowbray was chairman of Mr. Hardy's committee in London, (which led to his succeeding later to the University seat), and the chairman of the Oxford Conservative Committee was Archdeacon Clerke. Bishop Wilberforce, ("Soapy Sam," whose official signature was S. Oxon.), was a Liberal and voted for Mr. Gladstone. Complaining playfully of his Archdeacon's activity for the Tories, he said "They plough with my heifer." Whereupon Dean Mansel wrote the following lines:—

"When the versatile Bishop of Oxford's famed city
Cast his eyes on the chairman of Hardy's committee,
Said Samuel, from Samson the metaphor taken,
'They plough with my heifer, that is, my Arch-
deacon.'

But when Samuel himself leaves his friends in the lurch,

To vote with the foes of the State and the Church,
It proves without doubt, and the spectacle shocks
one—

That Dissenters can plough with Episcopal Oxon."

As a small and unpretentious monument of filial piety this book is very pleasing. We have never seen a better bit of biographical editing. Miss Mowbray completely effaces herself: there is no gush, and no uncalled-for presentation of opinions or comments on the incidents related. And a new method of dealing with correspondence seems to have been struck out. Instead of giving us the letters themselves (which are so often long and trivially worded), we are given their substance, after careful boiling down. We wish that other and more fashionable editors of correspondence would sometimes adopt this plan.

A DAUB FOR A PORTRAIT.

"Jean-Paul Marat, the People's Friend." By Ernest Belfort Bax. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 10s. 6d.

THIS is an absolutely worthless book. It is a very unfortunate one for intelligent socialism. Knowing that Mr. Bax is a socialist, readers of this book will be extremely apt to infer that socialists never know anything of history. The inference would be illogical, almost as illogical as those of Mr. Bax himself, but want of logic is a weakness most mortals share with him. We are by this time familiar with whitewashing. Indeed there is a great deal to be said for it. The greatest men of history have often been the best abused, and it is a safe rule first to ascertain why a great man should be admired before you criticise him. But the line must be drawn somewhere, and the soap which will polish everything else will not wash Marat. The best excuse for him is that, in his later days at least, he was mad. If we are allowed to admire a man although he is mad, we cannot be expected to increase our admiration because he is also wicked. Mr. Bax' method is simple, it is to explain Marat by Marat. It is to take everything that Marat has said in praise of himself as if it were gospel truth, to arrange this panegyric with something of the skill shown in the denunciations of an anarchist newspaper, to ignore the other side entirely unless the quotation of a modicum of abuse is found to enhance the effect of Marat's self-laudation.

Of the French Revolution Mr. Bax knows next to nothing. He even adopts what we suppose is Marat's ignorant spelling of Montmarin, Chanteraine, and Ratel. Of the events which he affects to describe he apparently only knows what Marat tells him. Marat is always a patriot and never more so than when he is aiming at a despotism of murder. Everyone who opposes Marat, indeed everyone who thinks differently

from him, is worthy of the one doom which Marat assigns to his adversaries. The most delicate questions of moral judgment are treated with an off-hand certitude which is the negation of the balanced attitude of the historian. Louis is a traitor, the Girondists are double-faced poltroons, the weak-minded champions of property, privilege and the classes. Charlotte Corday is of course a bad specimen of the prostitute-criminal class, who, if she had not murdered Marat, would certainly have murdered someone else. Indeed in her the guillotine may have robbed us of a Brinvilliers. Mr. Bax enhances his eulogy of Marat with a touch of blasphemy and quotes without a word of disapprobation monstrosities like the following: "How is it that it takes Nature some thousands of years to produce men of the stamp of Jesus and Marat?" and again "Marat is not to be compared to Jesus; Jesus gave birth to superstitions and defended kings, while Marat has had the courage to crush them. A truce to the talk of Jesus Christ. Such remarks are idiocies."

One of Mr. Bax' chapters is entitled "Marat as a Lover and Husband." The effect of it is to prove, conclusively, that Marat never was the second, and to show that the distinguished women mentioned would never have admitted him as the first. A crucial test of Mr. Bax' vagueness of historical criticism is his treatment of the September massacres. Marat's words, "Press the judgment of the traitors imprisoned in the Abbaye" coupled with the menace of popular execution is called "an application of Marat's Rousseauist principles which was destined to bear fruit a fortnight later in the September massacres." On page 203 the acquittal of Montmorin, against whom there was not a shadow of accusation, is styled "of course, a put-up job of the executive authorities," and the massacres are attributed to "the criminal Girondist ministry." He speaks of the movement as "spontaneously arisen" although it has been amply proved that it was carefully arranged and paid for, and he admits that Marat's committee, "though it did not originate, did to some extent direct" the massacres. He asserts that the massacres were confined to "the noble and the wealthy or to the hangers-on of the noble and the wealthy" thus designating the poor curés and the Swiss soldiers with whom the massacres began, and the children of the Bicêtre and the women of the Salpêtrière, with whom they concluded. He expresses the judgment of History thus:—"of Marat, as we have seen, it was true, if the worst be said, that he approved up to a certain point, and endeavoured to control an act, which we have no evidence that he directly organised." In short Marat is to have the merit of having initiated this "spontaneous movement," and none of the disgrace which attended its abominable excesses.

We believe that this book will do no harm; it is too illogical and too violent. No one who reads it will think better of Marat, and anarchists are likely to look for their gospel printed on worse paper and at a lower price. But it is pitiable to find such a book published at a time when historical studies are beginning to take their place in English literature, and when the history of the French Revolution is seriously taught at the Universities. Mr. Bax' apology for Marat, if indeed it can be called an apology, solves no difficulty and evokes no resipiscence. Marat may have been in youth a distinguished man of science, although Mr. Bax does not prove that he was, but in another age he was a vain declamatory fanatic, a cruel bloodthirsty demagogue, an unbridled vilifier of virtues which he did not possess himself. The one excuse for him is that he was mad, and if Mr. Bax deprives us of that excuse—well, for Marat he is a disastrous apologist.

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART.

"Psychologie d'Art: Les Maîtres de la fin du xix^e Siècle." Par Etienne Bricon. Paris: L. Henry May., 1900. 3fr. 50c.

M. BRICON dedicates to M. Paul Bourget "cette étude de l'âme contemporaine," and his method throughout the whole book is precisely the method of the

"Etudes de Psychologie Contemporaine." He writes of Puvis de Chavannes, Roll, Henner, Falguière, Carolus Duran, Frémiet, Besnard, Carrière, Helleu, and the Impressionists, and each essay is divided into sections, after the somewhat meticulous method of M. Bourget, in a somewhat too rigorous attempt at classification. Thus the study of Frémiet comes under three headings, too vague and too precise at once: "L'Intellectualité," "La Conscience esthétique," "Le Sentiment de la Réalité." "On notera enfin qu'en sa recherche du réel il est attiré toujours par ce qu'il y a d'essentiel dans la réalité des choses:" that is how M. Bricon summarises his third section. But how little does such a phrase mean! How obvious, how needless, to say that a painter of reality endeavours to represent the essential reality of things! This ingenuous attitude towards theories, this too solemn respect for the words which convey a truism, is the main fault of a book which has a good deal of sound and even subtle thinking in it. "Nous voulons essayer," M. Bricon tells us, "au moyen d'une étude des artistes modernes, de donner une représentation du temps actuel; nous voulons tenter de réunir, pour une sensation d'ensemble de la vie d'aujourd'hui, ceux d'entre eux qui ont saisi et exprimé un des côtés modernes de cette vie." The book is thus hardly a book of art criticism at all; it is an analysis of the emotions which the work of certain painters and sculptors can evoke in a sensitive nature, watchful of itself and of what it can find to respond to it in art.

The study of Puvis de Chavannes may be taken as an instance of M. Bricon's method. Puvis, he explains to us, has charm; and charm, he explains to us further, is a quite different thing from grace. "On regarde une femme gracieuse aller et venir, se retourner, se courber ou se relever; on regarde vivre un être charmant." It is by his quality of charm that Puvis brings to us something of an almost lost serenity, a serenity similar to that which comes to us from the sight of Greek statues; not because Puvis is an imitator of antiquity, but because he has the same conception of the harmony of man and nature, and the same power of simplifying humanity into beautiful symbols. The people in his pictures are not mere figures set in a landscape; they seem to live there, mingling their existence with that of nature. And they have the peace of those who have accepted life, with a certain happy placidity even in old age, as in the "Sainte Geneviève," or at the moment of violent death, as in the "Décollation de Saint Jean-Baptiste." Thus, "au-dessus des fugitifs symboles de la vie qui rêve, demeure le symbole véritable, celui qui nous montre, par la simplification des choses humaines, l'existence dégagée des inutilités qui l'étouffent."

Of these and other ideas, which may or may not have been in the mind of the painter, M. Bricon has much to tell us. But of the pictures as pictures, of the impression which they make upon us as works of art, he has nothing to say. Art criticism at the present day seems to swing from one opposite to another. With critics of the Berenson school, it is drily technical, a wrestle with problems of paint and structure. In their anxiety to tell us that Giorgione did or did not paint a particular picture, they forget that the picture is, in itself, either a beautiful thing or not a beautiful thing, and that it is of more importance that it should be beautiful than that it should be a Giorgione. To the opposite school of critics, the picture in itself is equally insignificant. The significant thing is what the painter may have intended, the loom of dreams on which this web of colour has been woven. Rarely do we find an art-critic to whom painting is at once a sentiment and a visible thing, to whom intention counts for its full worth, but technique for its full worth also. And yet it seems to us that there is a certain futility in writing about an art as if it were anything but an art. The art itself once thoroughly apprehended, add what psychology you will: it is an interesting study, and may produce charming literature.

THE STORY OF THE ANTARCTIC.

"The Antarctic Regions." By Dr. Karl Fricker. Translated by A. Sonnenschein. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Through the First Antarctic Night 1898-1899. A Narrative of the Voyage of the 'Belgica' among Newly Discovered Lands and over an Unknown Sea about the South Pole." By Frederick A. Cook. London: Heinemann. 1900. 20s. net.

THE problem of the Antarctic is old, and it has varied as the centuries advanced; to Aristotle it was involved in the theoretical proof of the sphericity of the earth; to Strabo it was the possibility of Antipodes or dwellers in the southern hemisphere. Ptolemy left a legacy of vague belief in a vast southern continent, confluent with Africa and Indo-China, shutting in the Indian Ocean. Vasco da Gama showed that Africa at least was free to the south, but the discovery of America merely displaced the bond of union further west. Though Magellan's keel turned a furrow of open sea round the world, the land south of the straits which bear his name was held as part of the "third world" which figured on the maps of the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries detached alike from the "old world" of the East and the "new world" of the West. The outline of this land fluctuated between the large island shown with prophetic insight by Leonardo da Vinci within the Antarctic circle, and the monstrous "Terra nondum cognita" of Ortelius which filled half the globe. Tasman cut off Australia and Cook cut off New Zealand, but still enough was left to carry the fixed belief in a continent teeming with millions of innocent inhabitants almost to the end of the eighteenth century.

The story of exploration in those seas has brought its ancient air of romance into modern times, and the worst fault we can find with Dr. Fricker's able and conscientious manual is that this aspect is not brought forward as prominently as might be wished. Had his English translator, in whose work flaws are not rare, known more of Antarctic history he might have imparted fresh human interest without detracting from Dr. Fricker's scientific strength. As it is however he has made but a bald translation, not even bringing the narrative down to date.

For instance the story of De Gonneville's voyage to "the Great South Land" in 1504 was only appropriately rounded off in 1898. De Gonneville, as Dr. Fricker tells the tale, brought home with him a young Indian of the south land, probably from Brazil, where a settlement was long known as "La France Antarctique." This native was a goodly youth and, having been duly converted, baptized and educated, married a French lady of noble family. About the year 1700 one of his descendants laid formal claim to his imagined birthright as the chief of a populous country south of the Cape of Good Hope, and after years of effort persuaded the French East India Company to fit out an expedition to find his kingdom. Thus it was that on 1 January, 1739, the French explorer Bouvet discovered, as he believed, in latitude 54° S. and longitude 4° E. a promontory of the southern continent from which he hoped great things. Later voyagers searching for Bouvet's land sailed all round the assigned position and found nothing. Captain James Cook could not find it, certain whalers from time to time reported small islands in the neighbourhood, but Sir James Ross on his great expedition and Captain Moore a few years later looked for them in vain, and no chance voyager sighted land in that region for sixty-five years. Dr. Fricker, when he wrote in 1895, conjectured not without reason that Bouvet Island had disappeared in some seismic change; but three years later his countrymen on a scientific expedition in the steamer *Valdivia* picked up a lonely little ice-clad island close to the position assigned by Bouvet, and so ended all doubt as to its existence. It is rarely indeed that a speck of fog-swept land, never trodden by human foot, only three times seen by human eyes, has wreathed itself with the history of discovery and the play of human ambitions for four centuries.

Besides the momentary dash by the "Challenger" on her scientific circumnavigation, steamers had penetrated

within the Antarctic circle on only three occasions prior to 1848, each time under the Norwegian flag, and all sealers that did only a little for science or literature, and probably even less for their own pecuniary profit. The terra incognita of the Antarctic was restricted by Captain Cook and Sir James Ross to an area of a few million square miles, but the blot on human knowledge remains larger than Europe, and we know that it conceals not a mere waste of useless ice, but the centre of magnetic and meteorological agencies the effects of which it is of the utmost importance for us to understand. After years of quiet work a British expedition on a large scale under a naval commander has been arranged to start for the Far South next year, and simultaneously a German expedition with similar aims and equal equipment, but radically different in organisation, is also getting ready. But while the great countries were still talking of their great schemes; their Governments still demurring, their scientific societies cultivating the company of millionaires, a small nation has stepped in and shown the way.

The pages of Antarctic story are not very numerous, but that unfolded by Dr. Frederick Cook in his description of the Belgian expedition is undoubtedly the most remarkable. From a literary point of view the book is not brilliant. The grammar is inaccurate, the expression often vulgar, the metaphors in the too numerous rhetorical passages more mixed than one could well believe possible. Raw haste is stamped on every page, except on the superb photographs, in producing which speed makes for perfection, and in the striking coloured plates of ice and sunset sky. With all its imperfections the story of the "Belgica" as told by her American surgeon fascinates the reader, and may serve the wholesome purpose of disabusing the mind of any enthusiast for Antarctic exploration of the notion that an expedition south of sixty degrees will be a long picnic.

The ship, though strong enough, was too small for her work. She was equipped at an almost fabulous minimum of cost; the whole expedition had apparently to be managed on £12,000 inclusive. With various researches and various accidents to delay them, the party did not cross the south polar circle until late in the season, when all the signs of approaching winter suggested a retreat to the North unless the explorers were to exceed their programme and winter in the ice. The Commandant, against the wishes of all his comrades, thrust the ship into the freezing pack, but naturally failed to make a high latitude. From the last week of February 1898 to the middle of March 1899 the "Belgica" drifted helplessly, fast in the frozen ice-floes during a whole year of misery, in the course of which there was much illness and one death. The cold of winter was not extreme, as judged by the standards of the centre of North America or of Siberia, but the want of sunlight for seventy days proved a far greater hardship than had been anticipated. It was with the utmost difficulty that the keenest scientific observers could force themselves to work, and no one on board could even eat without an effort. A group of portraits of the scientific staff before and after the ordeal of the Antarctic night, and especially a group of the sailors at the end of their imprisonment in the ice, shows better than words how the strain told on body and mind alike. These men were the first of all mankind to face a South polar winter, which is a far more serious matter than a winter in the Arctic regions, where fresh animal food is comparatively abundant, and whence escape is possible even if the ship be lost. In the South, separated by a vast breadth of stormy ocean from the nearest inhabited land, an accident to the ship or the failure of the stores means certain death; and moreover no one could tell to what degree the rigours of an unknown climate might extend. The scientific record is good, despite all drawbacks; the sum of human knowledge has been notably increased, and the path of future investigators has been smoothed. Probably all the scientific staff would cheerfully endure as much again for an equal result.

OBITER DICTA ABOUT TURKEY.

"Turkey in Europe." By "Odysseus." London: Edward Arnold. 1900. 16s.

"THIS important book," the publisher announces within its covers, is "by an author, whose knowledge of his subject would at once be recognised were his name upon the title-page." We do not dispute this statement, and of course we admit that anonymity is an essential concomitant of frankness in Turkey. But it is difficult to repose implicit confidence in any voice which remains concealed behind the mushrabie. And internal evidence is conflicting. The author is certainly not a man of wide culture, his language is slipshod, and his details are not always accurate, but he has few prejudices, he is eminently sensible, and his observations undoubtedly merit attention.

The title of his book is misleading. A purchaser will anticipate detailed descriptions of towns, scenery, habits, ceremonies, in fact a volume of travels by one who has gone to and fro upon the face of European Turkey. The very pseudonym bears out this promise, but in point of fact "Odysseus" refers but rarely and incidentally to his wanderings. He may, for aught we know, have journeyed everywhere from Uskub to Janina, from Constantinople to Salonica and Scutari, but if so he has not set down his experiences here. He does not even depict the street-scenes of Adrianople, the dogs or the mosques or the bazaars of the capital, or the glories of the Golden Horn. Instead he provides us with a heterogeneous collection of disquisitions on subjects often but remotely or historically connected with Turkey in Europe: the Orthodox Church, Servian history, the Armenians, Islam. They overlap each other, they repeat each other, and we may almost resent in book form what we might have applauded in separate magazines. Much of the history is merely a paraphrase, without acknowledgment, of what has appeared in other men's books. Yet we must concede a shrewdness of selection in the historical passages, and much common sense in the impartial, cynical purview of affairs. "This important book," says the publisher, "will, it is hoped, take rank as a standard work of reference on Turkey and the Eastern question." We cannot go so far as that, but we believe it repays reading and may often be consulted with advantage.

Where the author is most successful is in his pictures of peoples and their state of mind, all so nicely balanced that partisans and antagonists may find confirmation of their own prejudices, yet learn toleration for those of others. Thus he rescues the Byzantine Empire from the storm of historic obloquy, which has beset it, and warns us against "literary crusaders," who have unduly disparaged the Turks. "The evils of Turkish rule are undeniable," he says, "they exist at the present day, and are much the same as they always were. But . . . the crimes with which the Turks are frequently reproached, such as treachery, fratricide, and wholesale cruelty, are characteristic, not of them, but of the lands which they invaded. . . . If Constantinople contains beautiful churches, it also contains beautiful mosques, and must thank the Turks for what is now the most picturesque and characteristic feature of its landscapes—the minarets which crown Stamboul or emerge more modestly from the groves which fringe the Bosphorus. . . . In criticising either the Byzantine or the Ottoman Empire at any epoch except their zenith, we must remember that we are dealing with sick men, and be gentle."

And here is an explanation, if not an excuse, of much that we are accustomed to blame in the Turks. "They are by nature nomads. . . . The very aspect of a Turkish house seems to indicate that it is not intended as a permanent residence. . . . You sit in a room and write on your hand; when you are hungry, you call; a little table is brought in and you eat; when you want to go to bed, a pile of rugs is laid in a corner and you go to sleep on it. The same thing may be witnessed in a more striking form at the Imperial Palace of Yildiz. . . . Nothing could have more vividly suggested the idea of a party of tent-dwellers who had suddenly occupied a European house, and

did not quite know how to use it. . . . The Turks do not use the word Turkey in ordinary conversation. As soon as a province passes under another government, the Turk finds it the most natural thing in the world to leave it and go somewhere else. In the same spirit he talks quite complacently of leaving Constantinople some day: he will go over to Asia and find another capital. One can hardly imagine Englishmen speaking like this of London, but they might conceivably so speak of Calcutta. Perhaps it is to this spirit that most of the vices of the Turks should be attributed. Travelling generates an immoral habit of mind; that is to say, you do many things in a place where you are going to stop only a few hours which you would not do in your permanent residence. Observe the undisguised selfishness and greed of ordinary railway travellers. . . . Explorers apparently go further. . . . So the Turk makes himself comfortable in his own way in whatever shelter he finds; knocks a hole in the finest fresco if he wants to run a stovepipe through the wall, or pulls down a Greek temple if he wants stones. . . . But he has a keen appreciation of the simplest and most material joys of country life. He likes fine horses, fat sheep and cattle, good corn and olives, rich grass. . . . Every Turk is born a soldier, and adopts other pursuits chiefly because the times are bad. When there is a question of fighting, if only a riot, the stolid peasant wakes up and shows surprising power of organisation and alas! a surprising ferocity."

In the same spirit, the author goes into the question of Turkish administration, dwelling on its triumphant paradoxes, its weakness as a source of strength, its simple refutation of all accepted theories, the benefits of its very shortcomings, all inexplicable, if you please, but not for an instant to be denied. "Political economy," he says, "seems to be one of those things which must be accepted or rejected as a whole. Partial and blundering acceptance means collapse, but if, like the Sublime Porte, you reject it in toto, if you discard such conceptions as the National Debt, and pay no regard to the theory of wages, the theory of demand and supply, and all other theories whatever, it seems to make no difference whatever."

The author appears also to have a good grasp of the situation in Bulgaria, where he pays a well-deserved tribute to the statesmanship of Prince Ferdinand; in Greece, where he sees public corruption overshadowing all; in Macedonia, where his comments are, appropriately enough, somewhat confused; and in Armenia, where he recognises the grievances and at the same time the shortcomings of the people. On the broad issue of reform he is clear that no salvation is to be expected from the imposition of Western methods and constitutions. Long residence in the East has evidently imbued him with some of its fatalism. So long as the Turks remain in Turkey, he is sure that they will never change; when the destined day arrives, they will depart and make way for other races who will perhaps fare no better in the enjoyment of their long-coveted inheritance.

In details we may often catch him tripping. The Immaculate Conception is not celebrated on the 9th of December; by no conceivable etymology could Dushan mean "throttler"; the Turkish Custom-house does not confiscate a traveller's guide-books; and so forth. His map of the Balkan peninsula is a poor one and his reason for inserting a large map of all Asia is to seek. But on the whole, his desultory book is interesting and often instructive.

NOVELS.

"A Suburban Vendetta." By John K. Leys. London: Pearson. 1900. 6s.

It is perhaps fortunate for the writers of sensational novels that their readers have no memories. Mr. Leys' story is on the whole a fairly good example of the once-board-the-lugger-and-she's-mine type, but unfortunately the central idea was used by one Wilkie Collins in "The Moonstone," and there is no reason that we can see for anyone who has read that book to spend time in watching the same theme indifferently handled. "Kuttapani" seems to be a singularly unconvincing

name for a Hindu—even for a stage Hindu occupied in hunting a blameless barrister round England.

"Love in a Mist." By Olive Birrell. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

Miss Olive Birrell's purpose in writing "Love in a Mist" is not defined. Was it primarily to tell a story? or was it to show that inequality is the natural law of human society? If the former she has rather over-weighted a pretty love story with the pros and cons of the great social question; if the latter then the object lesson is one in the obvious. The narrative turns on Wargrave Lincoln's belief in the iniquity of riches and privilege. He is a sort of Mrs. Partington who by giving up everything himself and reducing his children to the level of the street arab hopes to push back the Atlantic of misery and crime. Prince and thief he says are born equal and there should be one training for both, so that the fittest may predominate. His initial mistake is to live down to those he would serve, instead of trying to raise them. The result is shipwreck, and poetic justice in the interests of other characters in the story can only be achieved by his death. Miss Birrell has clearly given some thought to the problem of social regeneration; and her book at least serves to exemplify the wrong method of attempting it.

"A Gentleman." By the Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. London: Murray. 1900. 6s.

"A Gentleman" rises above the level of the ordinary society novel. Mrs. Forbes depicts social difficulties with truth and without snobbery, and knows how to be amiable without being idiotic. The rapid rise of the hero lacks probability, and some of the Roman scenes are somewhat tiresome; the prologue excites, the epilogue satisfies, and the body of the narrative gains in interest and variety by a division into three acts, laid in Italy, in England, and in Australia. On the whole, a winsome story which deserves an ephemeral popularity.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

"An Introduction to the New Testament." By B. W. Bacon (New Testament Handbooks). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament." By H. S. Nash (New Testament Handbooks). New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. 3s. 6d.

It is a bold thing to attempt to write an introduction to the New Testament in 280 pages, but Dr. Bacon has succeeded fairly well; his book is never dull, and never obscure; he has a thorough knowledge of his subject and of the literature bearing on it; and even if we do not always agree with his conclusions we must admit that he presents his case ably, though pressure of space compels him often to give us results rather than processes, and sometimes to dispose of an opponent's argument by simply stating it with a note of anything but admiration after it.

He writes from a liberal but not a radical standpoint: no doubt some German and Dutch scholars would count him almost a conservative; but he is no exception to the tendency to rather obsequiously follow Harnack, which marks many American theologians. With Harnack he lays weight upon the critical treatment of early tradition as well as upon internal evidence in estimating the date, authorship, and historical accuracy of the New Testament books. His results will be to the ordinary English reader only moderately reassuring. He accepts the Pauline Epistles, all but the Pastorals; on the date of Galatians and its relation to Acts xv. he has his own opinion, but then so has everyone else; he adopts with enthusiasm the new view of 2 Corinthians which sees in it no less than three letters sent at various times by S. Paul to the Church of Corinth. With most of the other books of the New Testament composite authorship is the key used to unlock the difficulties, and it is used too frequently; not all the colours of the rainbow would suffice if Dr. Bacon were to print these books after the manner of the polychrome Bible. The Pastoral Epistles, we are told, contain a certain amount of Pauline material, the fourth Gospel a certain amount of Johannine tradition, 1 Peter is "the adoptive work of Peter writing 'by Sylvanus' to the churches of Paul in Asia," and so on; their present form is always due to those unknown but all-powerful "redactors" who have exercised such a malign influence on the New, as on the Old, Testament, and to whom apparently nothing, however apostolic, was sacred. 2 Peter in turn is neither sacred nor apostolic to Dr. Bacon, and he can hardly keep his temper when speaking of it. His book will be useful to those who know how to use it; but a danger to the lazy student if it makes him think he can dispense with larger works and more solid study.

Mr Nash is an "apologete," as he would call himself, for

the scientific study of the New Testament, and he writes a jubilant history of its development. It is not long, and yet it is diffuse, and suffers from his endeavour to be deeply philosophical and to find in each stage of New Testament criticism a typical instance of the religious, philosophical, and social progress of the "Occident" (he never talks of the West) at the time. English readers will find his pages refreshing not only from the buoyancy of their optimism and the exuberance of their metaphors but also from their superb Americanisms; without the protection of Tradition, the New Testament in the early centuries "would have been helpless in the grasp of any philosophic system or theosophic view that happened along;" the habit of Bible-study "had no great spread in the ancient Church;" the Roman communion is "a monasticised Church headed up in a Pope;" "the Romanists made a speciality of the idea of the Church, and so eased up on the theory of inspiration;" these are but a few of the additions he makes to English theological phraseology. We quite agree with him that the only way to understand the Bible is to study it historically; but when you have done that there is still some room for allegorical interpretation; and against that he is unduly severe.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Australia at the Front: a Colonial View of the Boer War." By Frank Wilkinson. London: Long. 1901. 6s.

Many as have been the accounts by newspaper "specials" of the war in South Africa, there is still room for this good-natured and entertaining work by the representative of an Australian journal. Mr. Wilkinson manages to convey a sufficiently vivid impression of the events he witnessed without indulging in the sensationalism for which at least one Australian pen has been notorious. As a Colonial Mr. Wilkinson naturally found something to criticise in the Imperial force and the Imperial officer, especially the Intelligence officer whose intelligence was the thing lacking. But there is no wholesale condemnation because certain specific shortcomings in Imperial officers were obvious to Colonial eyes in the first months of the war. What the British officer lacks in bush warfare is what the Australians call nous. Another thing that struck Mr. Wilkinson about the British officer was that he so often managed to appear "spick and span" when his men were in rags and down at heel. The insinuation may be unfair. As a record of the part the Colonials have played in the war—in some ways the most remarkable feature of the crisis through which the Empire has passed—Mr. Wilkinson's book is decidedly valuable.

"The Book of Common Prayer with Hymns Ancient and Modern." "The Book of Common Prayer." "The Memorial Service." Oxford: at the University Press. 1901.

The Oxford University Press has already published the new issue of prayer-books containing the necessary alterations, as well as a bound leaflet of the form of memorial service which was ordained to be used on the day of the Queen's funeral "or on the most convenient day within the octave." The prayer for the Royal Family, which needed the most thorough revision, now runs "We humbly beseech Thee to bless Queen Alexandra, George Duke of Cornwall and York, the Duchess of Cornwall and York and all the Royal Family." The insertion of a comma in the phrase "our gracious Sovereign Lord King Edward" will preclude a frequent mistake made in reading. The books are as beautifully printed as usual; the only change that we noticed is in the colouring of the edges of one of the prayer-books. In token of mourning the gilt is shot with purple.

The "Thrush" is "a periodical for the publication of original poetry;" hence its badness. It has a beautiful preface, in prose, from which we quote one boast. "Any work that may be sent in will be judged solely on its merits (*one thus sent appears in this number*). After careful reading we have been unable to decide of which of the thirteen (unlucky) poems merit is predicated, but we incline to "The Watchword;" it is by the editor, and contains one line which may compete with Tennyson's imitation of Wordsworth: "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman." Mr. Ellis' line though rhyming is also blank: it runs, "Duty! She simply said, 'I will be good.'" The author of a poem called "Ad Astra," trying as Browning says of the thrush to "recapture the first fine careless rapture," rhymes "invincible" with "rule." Some people whose names, even without the prefixed lists of qualifications, should suggest a certain level of merit are also contributing. Why?

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Arte, Scienza e Fede ai Giorni di Dante. Conferences by various authors. Milan: Hoepli. 1901. Lire 6.50.

It may be doubted whether a collection of causeries by different hands can ever be quite successful as a complete work. There is sure to be a lack of unity that even preconcerted deliberation—if resorted to—could not well avoid. The individual causeries in this volume, each of itself, forms

(Continued on page 216.)

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interesting reading, but the volume, taken as a whole, explain the mystery how we may, turns to something very like heaviness in a steady reading. The lectures bear such interesting titles too. We have lectures—all relating to the thirteenth century—on feudalism, on the Papacy and the Church, on the currents of philosophic thought, on Dante and the study of classic poetry, on the life and poetry of Courts. The lectures will interest the well-informed: they will scarcely enlighten those seeking after knowledge—that is perhaps their chief defect. For the learned lecturers are “advanced,” and have none of that delightful methodical simplicity which makes the old giant men of letters intelligible and acceptable to the uneducated. But the book is well worth the notice of all who are making a study of Dante. By far the most fascinating of the lectures is M. Paul Sabatier’s *causerie* happily here published in the original French, “Saint François d’Assisi et le mouvement religieux au treizième siècle.” Though it is not Italian literature, this is the natural place to call attention to it. The lecture is the most typical example we know of the distinguished writer’s brilliant and limpid style, and at the same time the most characteristic example of that fatal nebulosity of mind which afflicts him when he leaves historic portraiture for philosophic or religious exposition. He appears to have no convictions and yet to realise the necessity of convictions, and so he seeks by his marvellous command of words and phrases to convey an impression that he holds what he has not. It is with difficulty that we have stopped our ears to the harmonious sound of these rhythmic cadences so as sternly to ask what it all may mean. There is abundant musical talk of “progrès,” “liberté,” “vie,” “vérité,” “pauvreté,” “humilité,” but not a line of definition. “La joie parfaite . . . c’est d’être d’accord . . . avec l’idéal:” but what ideal? “La joie parfaite c’est de marcher, c’est d’avancer:” but how and whither? This musical conference is no other thing than words, words, words, arranged in the most resonant harmonies and set to every subtlest change of key. The real S. Francis, the S. Francis who believed in angels and devils, who wept himself blind in sorrowing over the Passion, who reduced himself to a living shadow by his austerities, Francis the ecstatic, Francis the thaumaturgist, disappears under the manipulation of M. Sabatier, and we have instead a one-sided view of one side of the great Saint of Assisi. We confess that this conference does not make us very hopeful of the entirely rewritten “Vie de Saint François” upon which the learned French writer has been engaged for the last five years.

Idillii Spezzati: Racconti Brevi. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milan: Baldini. 1901. Lire 2.50.

We have made no secret in any conspectus of Italian literature of our whole-hearted admiration for Antonio Fogazzaro. This collection of short stories, though of unequal merit, affords delightful reading. A vein of real humour—as we English understand it—runs through many of the stories, and comes as something of a surprise even in Fogazzaro. The first story—and the best—“Idillii Spezzati” which gives its name to the book, is distinctly laughter-moving, and only the exigencies of space prevent us attempting to convey some notion of the author’s happy sketch of the brusque ways of American travellers. All the stories are pleasant and amusing, but we warn the beginner in Italian that he will have some difficulty with the Venetian dialect which occurs in one or two of the stories and especially “La Lira del Poeta.” We should have expected Signor Fogazzaro to have known better than to have called an American professor “Sir Forest,” or an English adventurer “Sir Roberts.”

Ricordi d’Infanzia e di Scuola; and some Stories and Sketches. By Edmondo de Amicis. Milan: Treves. 1901. Lire 4.

Signor de Amicis is one of those exceptional authors, who, though voluminous in output, yet does not deteriorate with time but rather mellows and improves. We have thoroughly enjoyed the reading of the recollections of childhood and school life which make up half the volume before us. Signor de Amicis is here at his very best. He draws a charming picture of his childish days in the early ‘fifties hidden away as he was in a little Piedmontese town, and of the splendid Alpine scenery amidst which he grew to boyhood. Nothing could be more subtly and delightfully drawn than the sketch of his schooldays, but his sentiment degenerates into sentimentality, and we thank Heaven that English boys are made of sterner and less impressionable stuff than Italian boys. His first attack of hero-worship is one of those incidents in which the author carries us along with him delightedly: the hero was a corporal of Bersaglieri who honoured the little de Amicis with his friendship—it made the boy sore and sad when he went with the Sardinian troops to the Crimea, and proud and happy when he returned from the wars, safe and sound, a full sergeant. Signor de Amicis is the most candid of autobiographers—he writes with an irony that subtly tells against himself, of his ambitions, his frequent discomfitures, his love of praise, his susceptibilities, his impetuosity, and finally of all the circumstances that decided his career as a man of letters. If it were possible to catch his style, if it were permissible to take occasional liberties with the text by way of explanatory periphrasis, the book should encounter success in an English dress.

We have not space to speak of the stories and sketches, but especially commend “Il Re delle Bambole,” the sketch of a famous Torinese maker of dolls, who shows the most sympathetic knowledge of his little clients’ ways and characters.

Una Peccatrice. By Giovanni Verga. Fourth Edition. Catania: Giannotta. 1901. Lira 1.

Giovanni Verga takes rank among the six chief of living Italian novelists, and he is known, all the world over, as the author of that “Cavalleria Rusticana” on which the libretto of Mascagni’s too famous opera was founded. “Una Peccatrice” is an early work, written thirty years ago, and it now has no other interest save to show that the Sicilian realist once wrote in the most approved Romantic vein. We merely take note of the work in case any of our readers should feel tempted to study the earlier Verga. It is a pleasanter task to congratulate the publisher, the Cav. Niccolò Giannotta, on his silver Jubilee (which he completed at the end of the century) in a profession in which he has rendered signal services to modern Italian literature.

L’Eclissi dell’Idealità. By Pietro Ellero. Bologna: Zanichelli. 1901. Lire 2.

The author of this little book is a distinguished jurist, known for his advanced and somewhat idealistic liberalism. He enters a strong protest against the positivism of the day, which, be it noted en passant, has much more rapid and deleterious effects among a logically minded Latin people than among the more sophistically disposed races of the North. He is much concerned at the predominance of the Anglo-Saxon over the Latin races, but thinks that these might gain their ascendancy if they would shake off the prevailing materialism. The moral world is threatened with disruption because “Latin Idealism” has been eclipsed, and the remedy is to be sought in its revival. The book is unquestionably the work of a well-meaning reformer, but he would probably more nearly attain his object if he were to advocate a more thorough practice of the elementary precepts of the penny Church Catechism.

Il Re Martire: La Vita e il Regno di Umberto I (1844-1900). By Ugo Pesci. Bologna: Zanichelli. 1901. Lire 4.

This is the fullest and the best biography of the late King Humbert which has as yet appeared. It is of course a “livre de circonstance,” as a Royal biography always is, and indeed, we venture to think, always should be for at least threescore years and ten after the death of the Royal personage. Royalty is still, happily, such a power in the modern world that the premature disclosure of a sovereign’s private views and personal fads may work incalculable harm to the body politic. But we congratulate Signor Pesci on the manner in which he has performed a task that perforce had to be conventionally executed. Humbert of Savoy, like a true son of Savoy, was at his best on the battlefield, and therefore we do not grudge Signor Pesci the space he has devoted to the campaigns of 1859 and 1866. The pleasant relations between Humbert and his brother Amadeo Duke of Aosta are well brought out. For the rest the book throws no fresh light on the daily life of the King, or on his share in the political life of modern Italy.

Le Esplorazioni Polari del Secolo XIX. By Luigi Hugues. Milan: Hoepli. 1901. Lire 12.

This book is a weighty and important presentment of Polar exploration in the nineteenth century. Its maps are valuable, its numerous illustrations interesting, the whole scheme of the work clear and well-arranged. The author does not seek to harrow us by tales of adventure or untold suffering: his object has been to state fully the actual results of polar exploration, both arctic and antarctic, and in this he has succeeded admirably. The work begins with the first expedition of John Ross (1818-1819), and ends with the Duke of the Abruzzi’s arctic, and Borchgrevink’s antarctic voyages. Together with this book we may at the same time call attention to the highly interesting lecture of the Duke of the Abruzzi on his recent polar expedition delivered at Rome on 14 January, which has now been published in pamphlet form (“Spedizione Italiana nel Polare Artico sulla ‘Stella Polare.’ Conferenza di S.A.R. il Duca degli Abruzzi e del Comandante Umberto Cagni, tenuto in Roma sotto gli auspici della Società Geografica Italiana.” Rome: Paravia. Lire 2.)

Studi Religiosi. Florence. Annual subscription lire 12.

We gladly call attention to a new bi-monthly review which is to be devoted to a critical and historical examination of religious questions. Judging by the first number it would seem to be an organ of Italian Liberal Catholicism, though its views are expressed with restraint and moderation. We cannot say that we are of the opinion that Latin Liberal Catholicism has advanced the best interests of those national churches which own the Roman obedience, but it is certain that there is some peculiar fascination about such views which often attracts talented, brilliant and original minds. We may therefore look for interesting matter in the review, and the first number gives promise of a loyal endeavour to combat some of the more objectionable solecisms at present prevalent in the world of critical and historical religious studies.

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MARCH NUMBER.

THE

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Other important subjects are dealt with as follows:—

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The (New) Waitekauri Extended Mines, Ltd.

**CAPITAL - - - £100,000,
DIVIDED INTO 400,000 SHARES OF 5s. EACH.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Prospectus of the above-named Company is being issued, offering 360,000 Shares of 5s. each for Subscription, subject to a commission of 1s. 9d. per share allotted, i.e. at 3s. 3d. net, and that the Subscription List will Close on or before Thursday, February 21, 1901.

The Prospectus states that the following are the Officials of the Company:—

DIRECTORS.

ROBERT JOHN PRICE, Esq., M.P., 6 Sussex Mansions, S.W. } Directors of
JOHN WILLIAM BRIGSTOCK, Esq., Stockbroker, 5 Austin Friars, London, E.C. } the Waitekauri
FRANK OWEN, Esq., Mining Agent, Wraybury, Bucks. } Extended, Limited.

BANKERS.

THE UNION BANK OF AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, 71 Cornhill, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

WORTHINGTON EVANS, BIRD and HILL, 35 Eastcheap, E.C.

AUDITORS.

OSCAR BERRY and OARR, Chartered Accountants, Monument House, Monument Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

A. P. MAOK, 158-9 Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, E.C.

THE PROSPECTUS also states:—

The Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring the assets of the Waitekauri Extended, Limited.

The following are short particulars of the property to be acquired by the Company:—

The property is situated in the Coromandel Peninsula, Maratoto District, Northern New Zealand, and held under the class of mining leases termed "Special Claims." The mine is equipped with a 40-stamp battery, driven by water power and auxiliary steam power, and a cyanide plant.

The purchase price payable to the Waitekauri Extended, Limited, of 158-159 Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, E.C., is £14,579 5s. in cash. The Company will also pay the liabilities of and the cost of winding up the Waitekauri Extended, Limited, estimated together at £5,000, leaving on the minimum subscription, which has been fixed at £50,000, a balance of about

£30,000 at the disposal of this Company, or with all the Shares now offered for subscription applied for about £34,000.

The Company will pay the preliminary expenses, viz., registration fees, advertisement, printing and issuing this Prospectus, and legal expenses, estimated in the aggregate at £1,000.

The Company will pay to each subscriber in consideration of his so subscribing a commission of 1s. 9d. for each Share allotted to him, and will satisfy this obligation by crediting such subscriber with that amount on allotment, thus reducing the price to be paid for each Share from 5s. to 3s. 3d., and in addition will pay to various underwriters for agreeing to procure subscriptions to 333,340 Shares, part of the present issue, a commission of 3d. per Share, together with the right to subscribe for and have allotted to them, at any time within one year from the date when this Company shall commence business, the balance of Shares not subscribed on this Prospectus (including the Shares reserved for future issue) at 5s. per Share.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained at the Office of the Company, and of the Bankers and Solicitors.

No part of the capital has been underwritten, and no promotion money of any kind has been or will be paid.
The Subscription List will be Opened on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1901, and will be closed on or before Wednesday, the 20th day of February, 1901, at four o'clock.
The full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies previous to its issue.

THE BRITISH AUTOMATIC DELIVERY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.

SHARE CAPITAL - - - - - £100,000.

In 100,000 Shares of £1 each.

Issue of 75,000 Shares at par, payable as follows:—

On application	£0 2 6 per share
On allotment	0 7 6 „
					0 10 0

The balance as and when required, by calls not exceeding 2s. 6d. each, and with an interval of two months between one call and the next.
The remaining 25,000 shares to be issued as fully-paid are taken by the vendors in part payment of the purchase price.

DIRECTORS.

W. H. BRITTAİN, J.P., steel manufacturer, Alma Works, Sheffield.
H. INGRAM (Director, "Illustrated London News" and "Sketch" Limited), 198 Strand, London, W.C.
GRANT RICHARDS, Publisher, 9 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.
H. WALLIS WOOD (Wallis Wood and Co., Merchants), Aston House, Rood Lane, London, E.C.

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SOLICITORS.

For the Vendors: WARD, PERKS AND MCKAY, 85 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.
For the Company: PAINES, BLYTH AND HUXTABLE, 14 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

CHALMERS, WADE AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 5 Fenwick Street, Liverpool, and 18 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

REGISTERED OFFICE and SECRETARY (pro tem.).

H. H. HILTON, 143 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This company has been formed to purchase and develop the English and foreign patents of Argles' Automatic Machines, together with all business rights, monopolies, contracts, and privileges owned by the British Automatic Supply Syndicate (Limited).

The machines manufactured under the above patents will supply cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, matches, night lights, towels, newspapers, books, magazines, refreshments, toys, sweetmeats, and an endless variety of other articles, and differ from existing automatic machines both in principle and construction, and owing to their lightness, simplicity, adaptability and general arrangement they are suitable for purposes to which automatic machines have not hitherto been applied.

The novel and useful advantages which these machines offer have enabled the vendor syndicate to obtain orders and contracts from the following railway and steamship companies and hotels:

The Hotel Metropole, London
The Cliftonville Hotel, Margate, and
The Grand Hotel, Broadstairs,
Owned by the
GORDON HOTELS, LIMITED.

St. Ermin's Hotel, London
Avondale Hotel, London
Manchester Hotel, London
Adelphi Hotel, London
Salisbury Hotel, London
Arderton's Hotel, London
Arundel Hotel, London
Hummus Hotel, London
Falmouth Hotel, Falmouth

THE FREDERICK HOTELS (Limited).

Proprietors of—
Hotel Great Central, London
Hotel Russell, London
Royal Pavilion Hotel, Folkestone
Hotel Majestic, Harrogate
Hotel Burlington, Dover
Sackville Hotel, Bexhill-on-Sea

Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth
Queen's Hotel, Eastbourne
Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh
Prince of Wales Hotel, Scarborough
Windsor Hotel, Glasgow
Grand Pump Room Hotel, Bath
Grand Hotel, Manchester
Royal Hotel, Dundee
Royal Hotel, Bradford

Midland Railway Company
London and South-Western Railway Company
The Metropolitan District Railway Company
Cambrian Railways Company
North Staffordshire Railway
Great North of Scotland Railway Company
Highland Railway Company
Furness Railway Company
East and West Junction and Stratford-on-Avon, Towcester, and Midland Junction Railways
Donegal Railway Company
Blackpool Pier Company
Eastbourne Pier Company

In addition to the above, contracts have been received from over 350 hotels in London and the provinces, and also from owners of other sites, such as piers, public lavatories, shops, bars, refreshment rooms, pleasure gardens, and other places of public resort, the result being that the company can start trading by erecting upwards of 14,000 machines. The auditors of the company have given the following certificate:

"18 Coleman Street, London, E.C., 31st January, 1901.
"To the Directors of the British Automatic Delivery Company (Limited),
143 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

"Gentlemen,—We have examined the contracts submitted to us by the British Automatic Supply Syndicate (Limited), and have satisfied ourselves that they have made contracts for the placing of over 14,000 of their automatic machines. The greater number of these contracts are for a minimum period of three years, and the only consideration payable on a great majority is a commission on the receipts. Included in these are contracts from over 350 hotels in London and the provinces, in addition to those enumerated on the prospectus, also from owners of other sites, such as piers, shops, refreshment rooms, pleasure gardens, &c.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "CHALMERS, WADE & CO."

One type of machine is designed for supplying books and magazines, and is specially suitable for hotels, &c. This machine has been tested with eminently satisfactory results.

That there is a great future for automatic machines (now in their infancy) is clear from the fact that the £1 shares of the Sweetest Automatic Delivery Company (Limited) now stand at a premium of over 200 per cent., the company paying regular dividends of over 20 per cent. per annum, and in this connection it must be borne in mind that, owing to their novel arrangement, the Argles' Automatic machines can supply articles commanding a continuous and ready sale, which have not hitherto been offered to the public in this way.

The company's machines have the advantage of advertising as well as selling an article. A valuable contract has already been made with the well-known firm of Price's Patent Candle Company (Limited) for night lights to be sold in hotel bedrooms. This is a facility and convenience of which some of the best-known hotels have readily availed themselves.

Another type of machine supplies time-tables, guides, catalogues, programmes, maps, &c., the value of which is evidenced by the following letter, dated November 10th, 1900, addressed to the vendor syndicate by the General Manager of the METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY:—

"The machine you supplied for the sale of our railway maps has been tested at our St. James's Park and Earl's Court Stations during the past three months. It is simple both in construction and working, and has yielded sufficiently encouraging results in the sales of this company's well-known *od*, and 12 maps of London to induce me to place the machines at all our principal stations. I shall be glad, therefore, if you will complete the order for 40 machines for that purpose, on the terms agreed, at your earliest convenience, and oblige."

The management expenses of the company should, in comparison, be relatively small, as the machines will be mostly supplied to establishments and persons who will be responsible for the refilling and collection of the takings.

The directors consider that an average net profit of one shilling per machine per week is a moderate estimate (which would produce £36,400 per annum); but even calculating on only sixpence per machine per week on the 14,000 machines, for which sites have been secured, the net profit would amount to £18,200 a year, or more than 18 per cent. on the capital of the company.

The foreign patents for the main invention, especially those for America, Germany, France, and Belgium (which have been granted), are considered a most valuable asset, and will be dealt with by the directors at the earliest date; but the revenue to be obtained in this way is not included in the foregoing estimate of profits.

The main patents have been submitted by the vendor syndicate to Mr. W. R. Bousfield, K.C., M.P. He advised, under date 10th August, 1900, as follows:—

"I have carefully considered the specifications of Argles' Patents 7268-99 and 337-1000, and have myself settled the specification of Patent 4763-1900. In my opinion these inventions are properly described and claimed, and (assuming the novelty of the inventions, as to which I am informed that a search has been made) I am of opinion that the patents will be valid.

(Signed) "W. R. BOUSFIELD."

The specification for the principal patent (7268-99) was also submitted to the consideration of the late Mr. H. Gardner, past president of the Society of Patent Agents, who, when reporting, on the 21st of June, 1899, that he had searched and found no anticipations of the invention, gave the following opinion:—"You may consider your invention is perfectly novel, and the patent, when granted thereon, as valid." (This patent was granted and seal issued on the 27th September, 1899.)

The directors may not proceed to allotment unless subscriptions are received for a minimum sum of £20,000.

The proceeds of this issue up to £20,000 will be reserved exclusively for working capital.

The purchase price is £50,000, payable as to £25,000 in fully-paid shares of the company, and as to £25,000 in cash or in fully-paid shares, or partly in one and partly the other, at the option of the directors. Of this purchase price £5,000 is by the terms of the purchase contract payable for goodwill. The vendors pay all expenses in connection with the formation and registration of the company, and issue of the prospectus (except stamp duty on the contracts), up to the first allotment of shares. Such preliminary expenses are expected to amount to £5,000.

No part of the capital has been underwritten, and no promotion money of any kind has been or will be paid.

No intervening promoter is employed, the vendors forming the company themselves.

The contracts entered into, and the certificate and opinions above referred to, and a print of the memorandum and articles of association, can be seen at the offices of the solicitors of the company.

Application will be made for a quotation on the London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham Stock Exchanges as soon as the necessary capital has been subscribed.

Full Prospectuses, upon the faith of which alone subscriptions will be taken, and forms of application may be obtained at the offices of the company, or from the bankers, brokers, solicitors, or auditors.

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